R-R-R-RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

PENTHOUSE COMIX

MAY 1997

CATFIGHT!

THEN
PUSSY PANZERS ATTACK!!!

PLUS
HARD-SEX DETECTIVE STORIES

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Comix

MAY 1997

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THE CREW

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Latischa
of the lost world

CATFIGHT!

Latischa, having survived the same plane wreck as Libby and by a weird chain of events, is made ruler of a tribe in the Lost World. The only thing that made her happy about her circumstances was the thought that Libby had died in the crash. Oh, boy. Is she gonna be mad!!!

written by
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lettering
VICKIE WILLIAMS

"LOOK! LIKE LEMMINGS THEY COME. CRAZED WITH FEAR, THEY ARE UNABLE TO PUT UP A FIGHT!"
"THEY DO NOT STAND A CHANCE."
"BUT, WHY?"

"I DO NOT KNOW..."
MAYBE SOME OF THE SURVIVORS WILL TELL US!
WHAT IF IT IS A PLAGUE?
THEN WE WILL ALL SEE HOW GOOD A WITCH DOCTOR YOU ARE!!
WHO IS THAT WOMAN FIGHTING? SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE IS LEADING YOUR MEN!

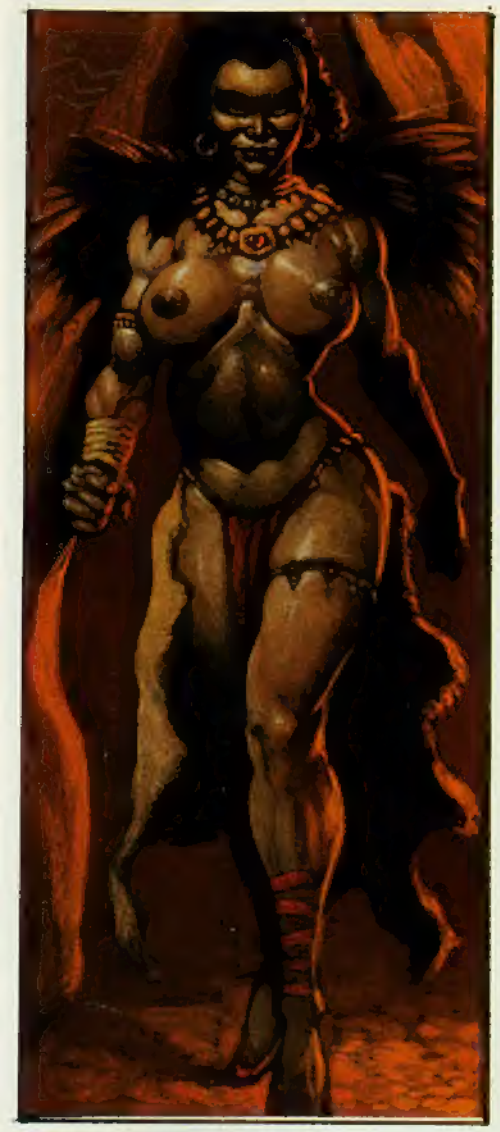
IS THAT A WHITE WOMAN WITH OLMAN AND THE WITCH DOCTOR?
WHO IS SHE?

THAT IS THE WITCH DOCTOR'S WOMAN! I HAVE NOT HEARD MUCH ABOUT HER, EXCEPT SHE IS A GOOD COOK AND, LIKE YOU, SHE FELL FROM THE SKY!!
hmmm...

AND NOW WE MUST WAIT. FOR THE LEADER OF THE TRIBE TO HONOR NOT ONLY THE DEAD OF THE DEFEATED...

...AND NOT ONLY FOR THE DEAD OF OUR OWN TRIBE...

"...BUT ALSO FOR THE WARRIORS WHO FOUGHT TODAY, SO WE ALL MAY LIVE ANOTHER DAY!!"

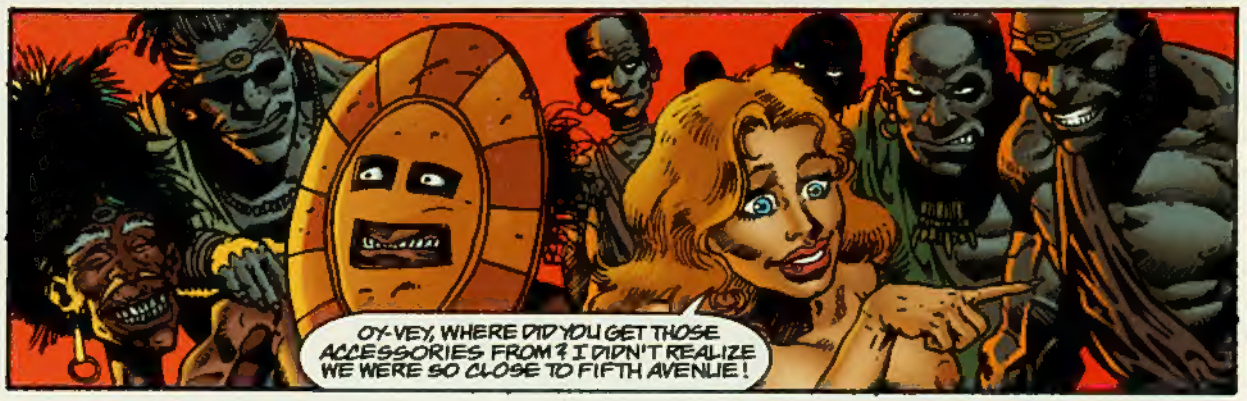


LATISCHA! LATISCHA!! LATISCHA!!! SHWINGG!

TONIGHT, WE HONOR THE DEAD OF TWO TRIBES GONE TO WAR!
GONE TO WAR! GONE TO WAR!

WE OFFER AND HONOR OUR THANKS TO THE LIVING...
OFF'ER AND

AND TO NEW FRIENDS!!
ON'ER! OFF'ER AND ON'ER!!


OY-VEY, WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE ACCESSORIES FROM? I DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE SO CLOSE TO FIFTH AVENUE!

YOU?!!

I'M SORRY? DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME? BELIEVE ME, YOU AIN'T FROM MY PART OF TOWN!

"NOT ENOUGH ICE! TOO HOT! TOO COLD! FLUFF MY CUSHION! I WANT MY DINNER COOKED FRESH! I DON'T EAT IN-FLIGHT FOOD!"
REMEMBER ME NOW?

NOOO, I'M SORRY, YOU REALLY MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE!

LATISCHA! IT IS AGAINST THE LAWS OF THE TRIBE! THEY ARE OUR GUESTS!!

WELL, THEN! LET'S PARTY, FOR TOMORROW WE GO TO WAR!!!

IT WAS UP TO OLMAN AND UGAH TO STOP THE BLOODSHED. IN THE END THERE WAS ONLY ONE CHOICE...

THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH BLOODSHED! WE MUST STAY FRIENDS WITH ALL THE TRIBES! THERE IS A DARKNESS COMING THAT WILL AFFECT US ALL!!

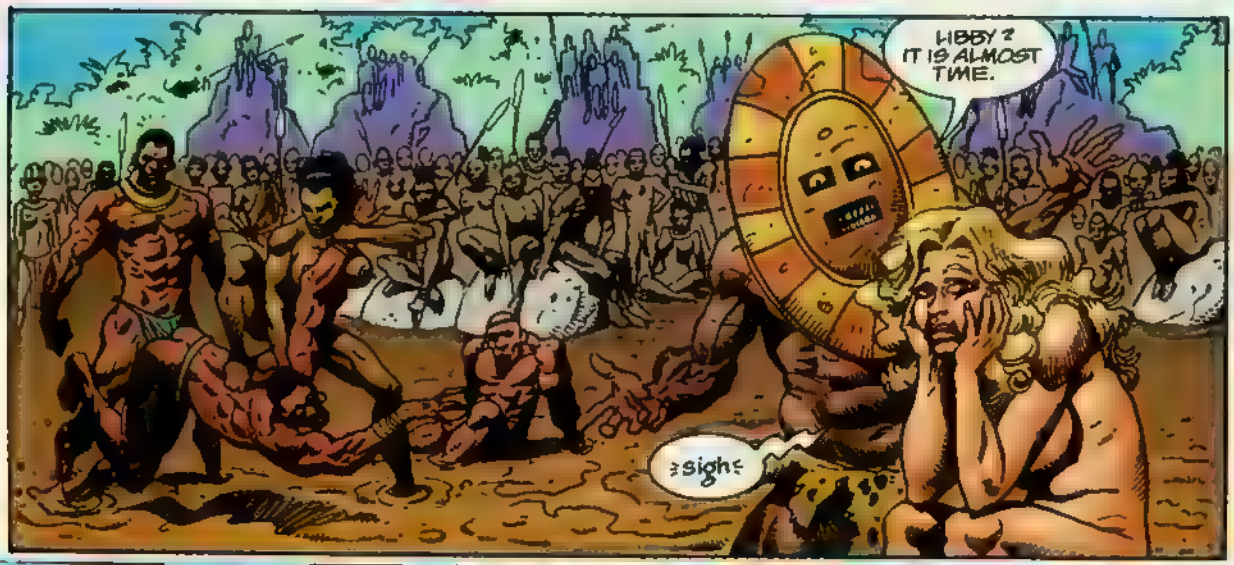
WAIT A MINUTE! I'M THE LEAD--
BUT, A DISAGREEMENT IS LEFT UNRESOLVED! THIS MUST NOT BE! THEREFORE, ACCORDING TO OUR LAWS, THE TWO MUST DECIDE IN UNARMED CONFLICT!

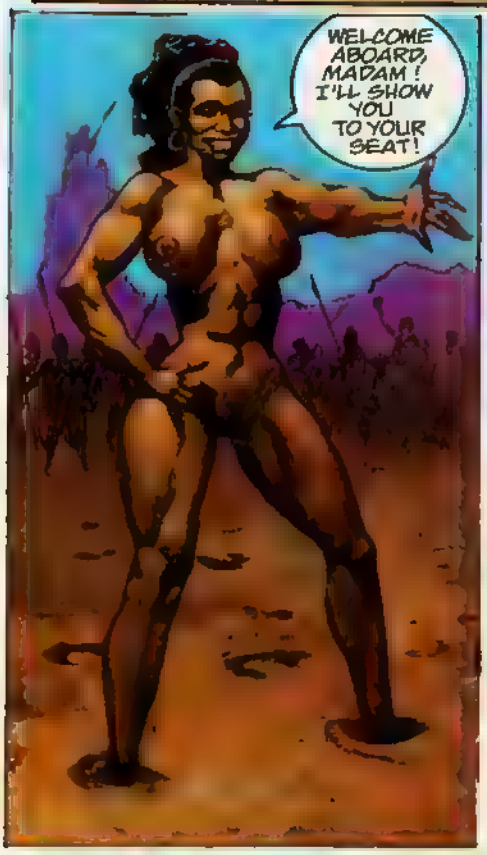
"TOMORROW, WHEN THE SUN IS AT ITS HIGHEST, WE WILL MEET BY THE RIVER...

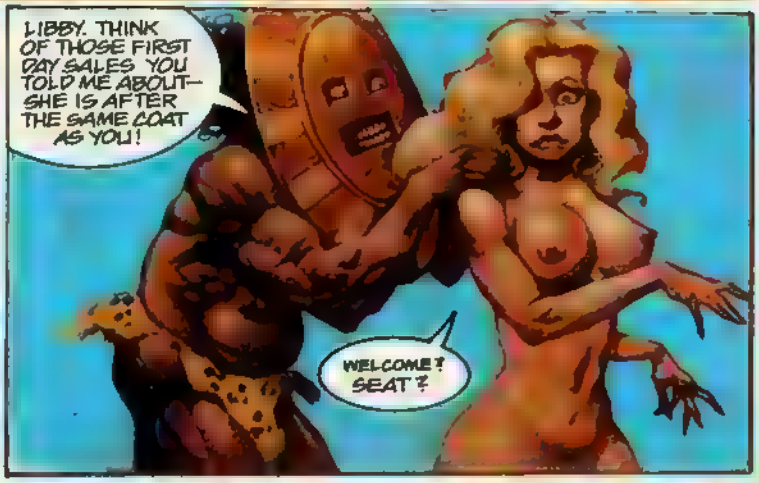
"...AND DECIDE WHO IS RIGHT AND WHO IS WRONG!"
WHAT COULD I HAVE DONE TO ANYONE TO MAKE THEM DO THIS?

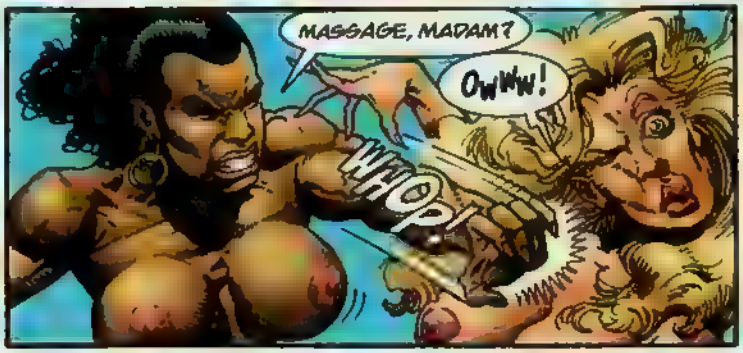
YEA!
CATFIGHT!!

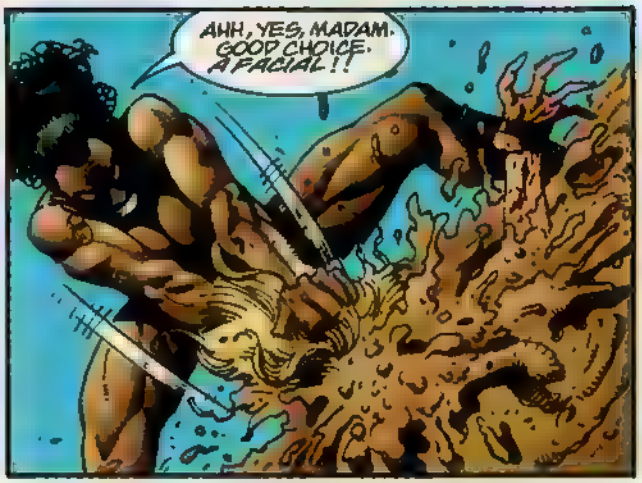
HOW COULD YOU LET THEM DO THIS, UGAH?
WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO FIGHT THEM! WE ARE ONLY A SMALL TRIBE, THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED US ALL! YOUR FIGHT IS NOT TO THE DEATH!
DOES SHE KNOW THAT?
DAWN.


LIBBY? IT IS ALMOST TIME.
sigh


WELCOME ABOARD, MADAM! I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR SEAT!

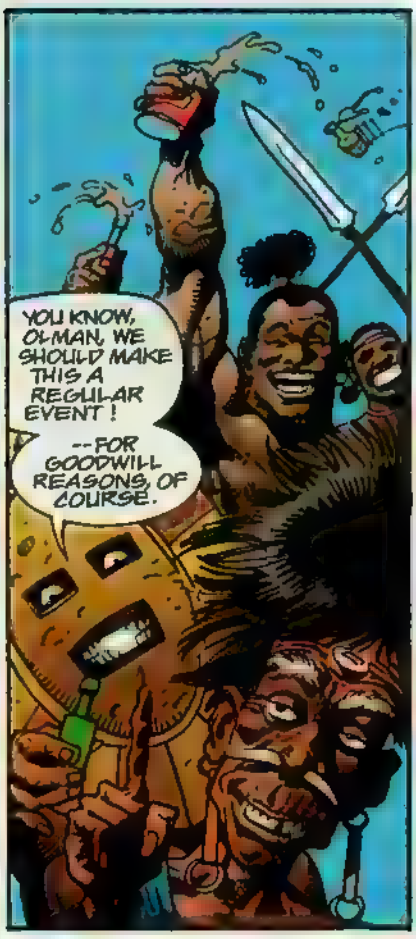

LIBBY. THINK OF THOSE FIRST DAY SALES YOU TOLD ME ABOUT— SHE IS AFTER THE SAME COAT AS YOU!
WELCOME? SEAT?


MASSAGE, MADAM?
OWWW!
WHOP!


AHH, YES, MADAM. GOOD CHOICE. A FACIAL!!

THE STEWARDESS ?!!!
THIS IS ALL BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T DO YOUR JOB ?
YOU ASKED FOR IT NOW, PRINCESS !

NO!!!


YOU KNOW, OLMAN, WE SHOULD MAKE THIS A REGULAR EVENT !
--FOR GOODWILL REASONS, OF COURSE.

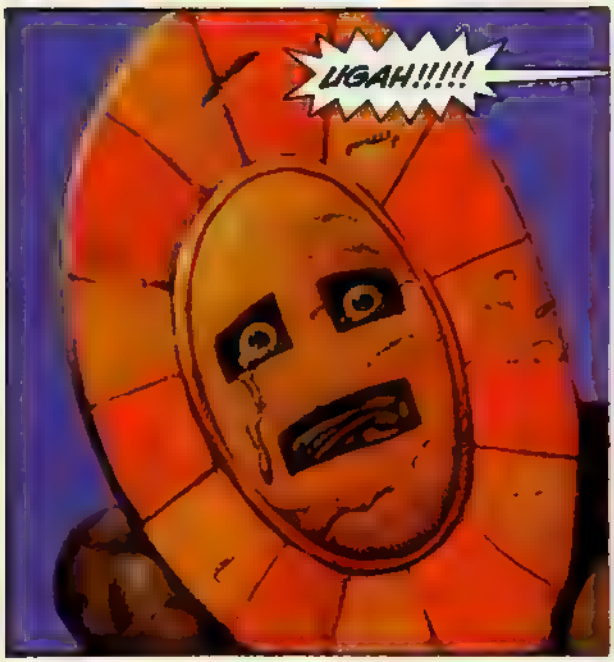
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A PRINCESS ANY MORE TO ME !

COME ON, LIBBY. SURELY YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THIS!
GRRUH!

EVER DONE IT WITH A WOMAN BEFORE?
NUHHOO!! GET OFF ME!

BET YA' NEVER HAD A STEWARDESS BEFORE!!

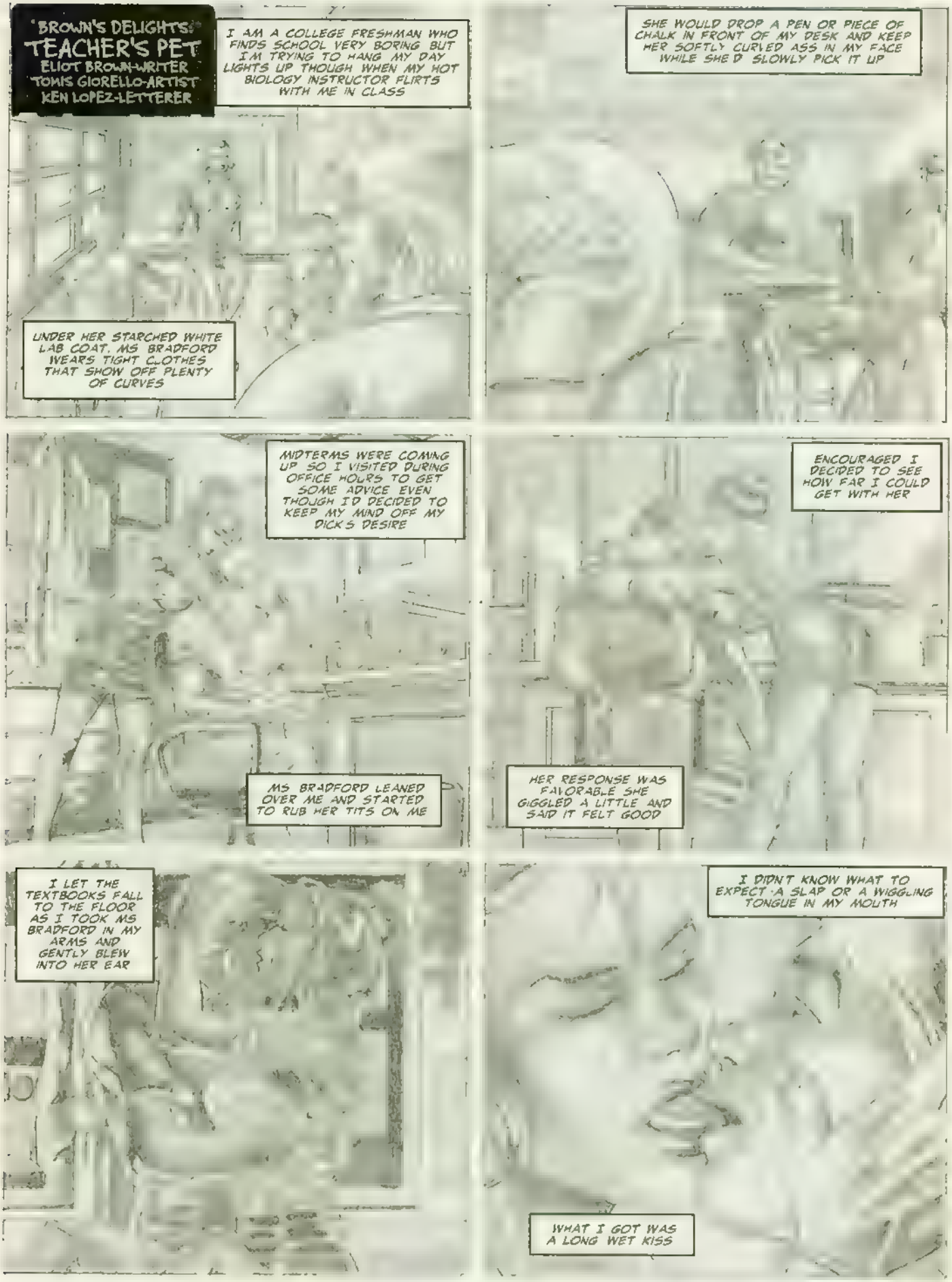
WHHOOP! YAHOO!! LATISCHA!!!


UGAH!!!!!

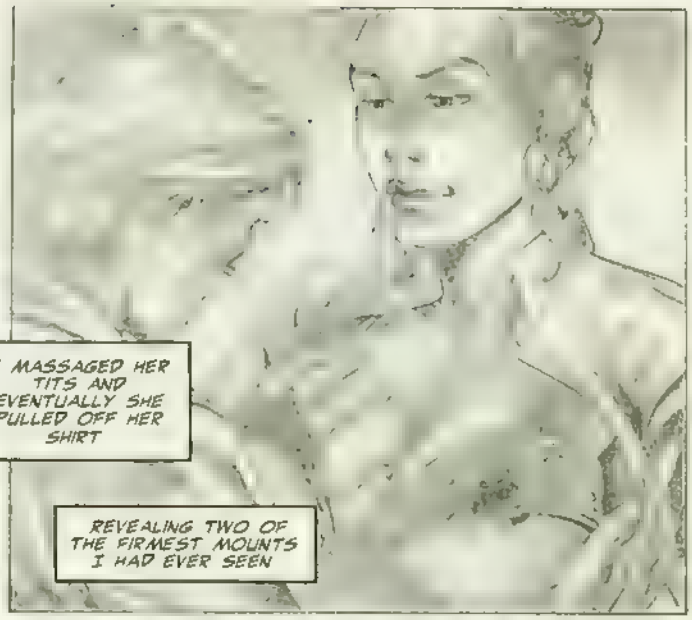
UGAH!!!!

SOON, ALL OF THE LOST WORLD WILL BE GONE FOREVER!!

TO BE CONTINUED

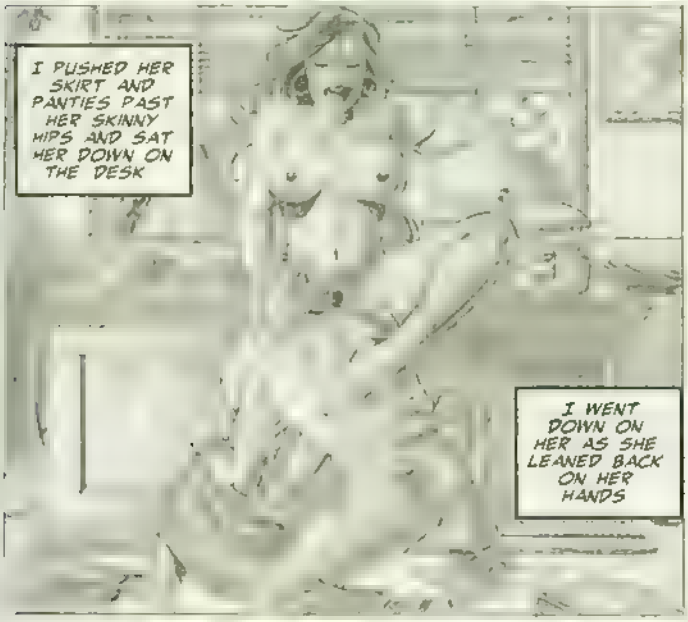

"BROWN'S DELIGHTS:"
TEACHER'S PET
ELIOT BROWN-WRITER
TOMIS GIORELLO-ARTIST
KEN LOPEZ-LETTERER
I AM A COLLEGE FRESHMAN WHO FINDS SCHOOL VERY BORING BUT I'M TRYING TO HANG MY DAY LIGHTS UP THOUGH WHEN MY HOT BIOLOGY INSTRUCTOR FLIRTS WITH ME IN CLASS
UNDER HER STARCHED WHITE LAB COAT, MS BRADFORD WEARS TIGHT CLOTHES THAT SHOW OFF PLENTY OF CURVES
SHE WOULD DROP A PEN OR PIECE OF CHALK IN FRONT OF MY DESK AND KEEP HER SOFTLY CURVED ASS IN MY FACE WHILE SHE'D SLOWLY PICK IT UP
MIDTERMS WERE COMING UP SO I VISITED DURING OFFICE HOURS TO GET SOME ADVICE EVEN THOUGH I'D DECIDED TO KEEP MY MIND OFF MY DICK'S DESIRE
MS BRADFORD LEANED OVER ME AND STARTED TO RUB HER TITS ON ME
ENCOURAGED I DECIDED TO SEE HOW FAR I COULD GET WITH HER
HER RESPONSE WAS FAVORABLE SHE GIGGLED A LITTLE AND SAID IT FELT GOOD
I LET THE TEXTBOOKS FALL TO THE FLOOR AS I TOOK MS BRADFORD IN MY ARMS AND GENTLY BLEW INTO HER EAR
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT: A SLAP OR A WIGGLING TONGUE IN MY MOUTH
WHAT I GOT WAS A LONG WET KISS

MS BRADFORD PLACED HER HAND ON MY BULGING COCK AND TOOK ONE OF MY HANDS AND PUT IT ON HER TIT


I MASSAGED HER TITS AND EVENTUALLY SHE PULLED OFF HER SHIRT
REVEALING TWO OF THE FIRMEST MOUNTS I HAD EVER SEEN

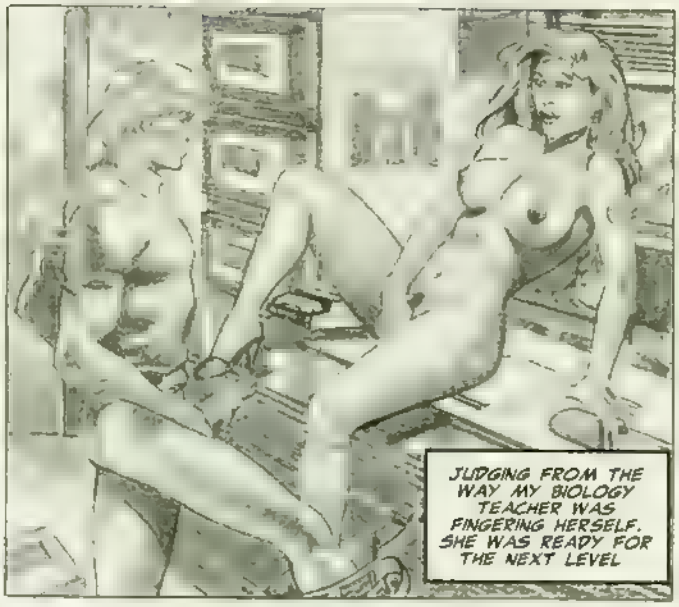
SHE WAS UNHOOKING HER BRA WHILE I MADE SHORT WORK OF HER NIPPLES

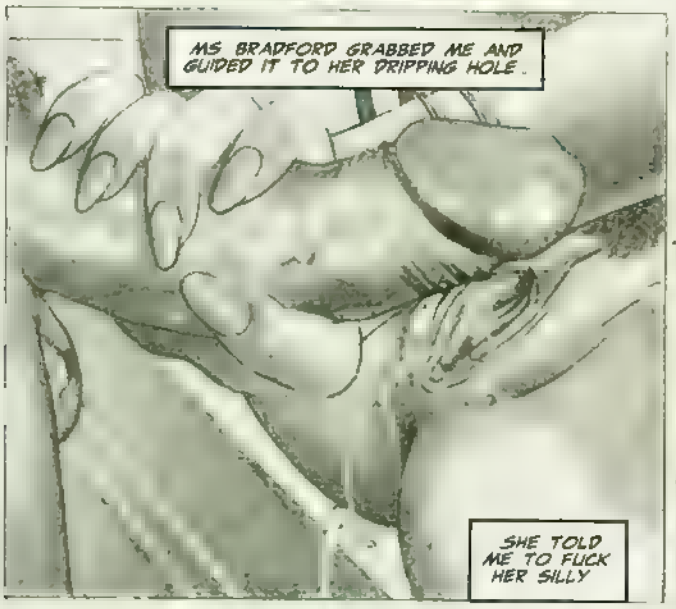
AFTER I HAD SUCKED HER NIPPLES FOR A WHILE SHE STARTED TO FINGER HERSELF

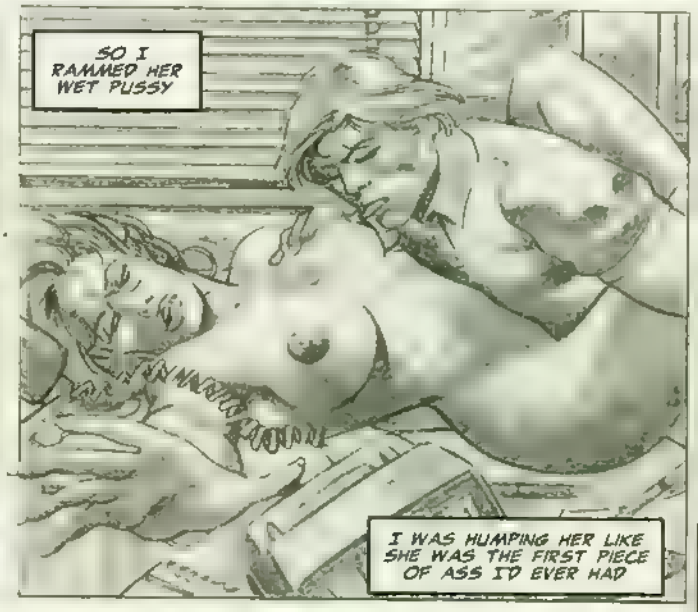

I PUSHED HER SKIRT AND PANTIES PAST HER SKINNY HIPS AND SAT HER DOWN ON THE DESK
I WENT DOWN ON HER AS SHE LEANED BACK ON HER HANDS

SHE WAS DRIPPING WET
I LICKED THE OUTSIDE OF HER PINK CUNT BEFORE DIVING IN TONGUE FIRST

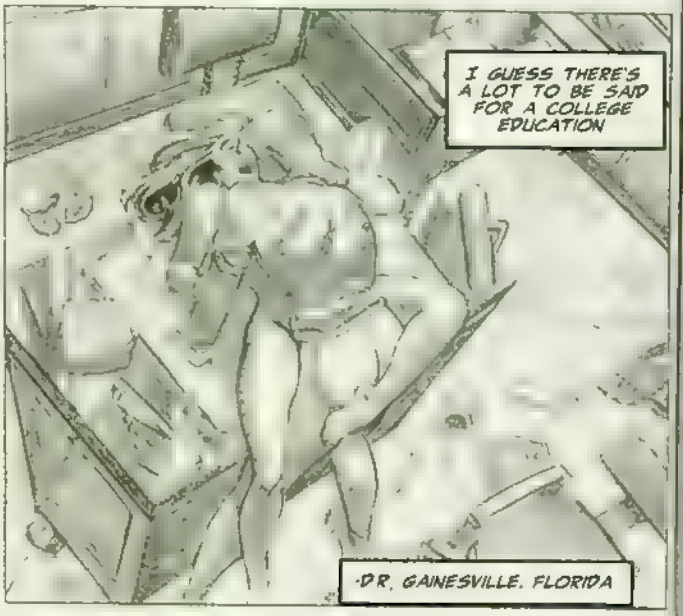
I WAS DIZZY WITH LUST AND TOTALLY FREAKED OUT THAT ONE OF MY FANTASIES WAS COMING TRUE! I STARED AT HER HOT SWEATY BODY PROPPED UP ON THE DESK AS I DROPPED MY LEVIS TO MY ANKLES


JUDGING FROM THE WAY MY BIOLOGY TEACHER WAS FINGERING HERSELF. SHE WAS READY FOR THE NEXT LEVEL


MS BRADFORD GRABBED ME AND GUIDED IT TO HER DRIPPING HOLE.
SHE TOLD ME TO FUCK HER SILLY


SO I RAMMED HER WET PUSSY
I WAS HUMPING HER LIKE SHE WAS THE FIRST PIECE OF ASS I'D EVER HAD

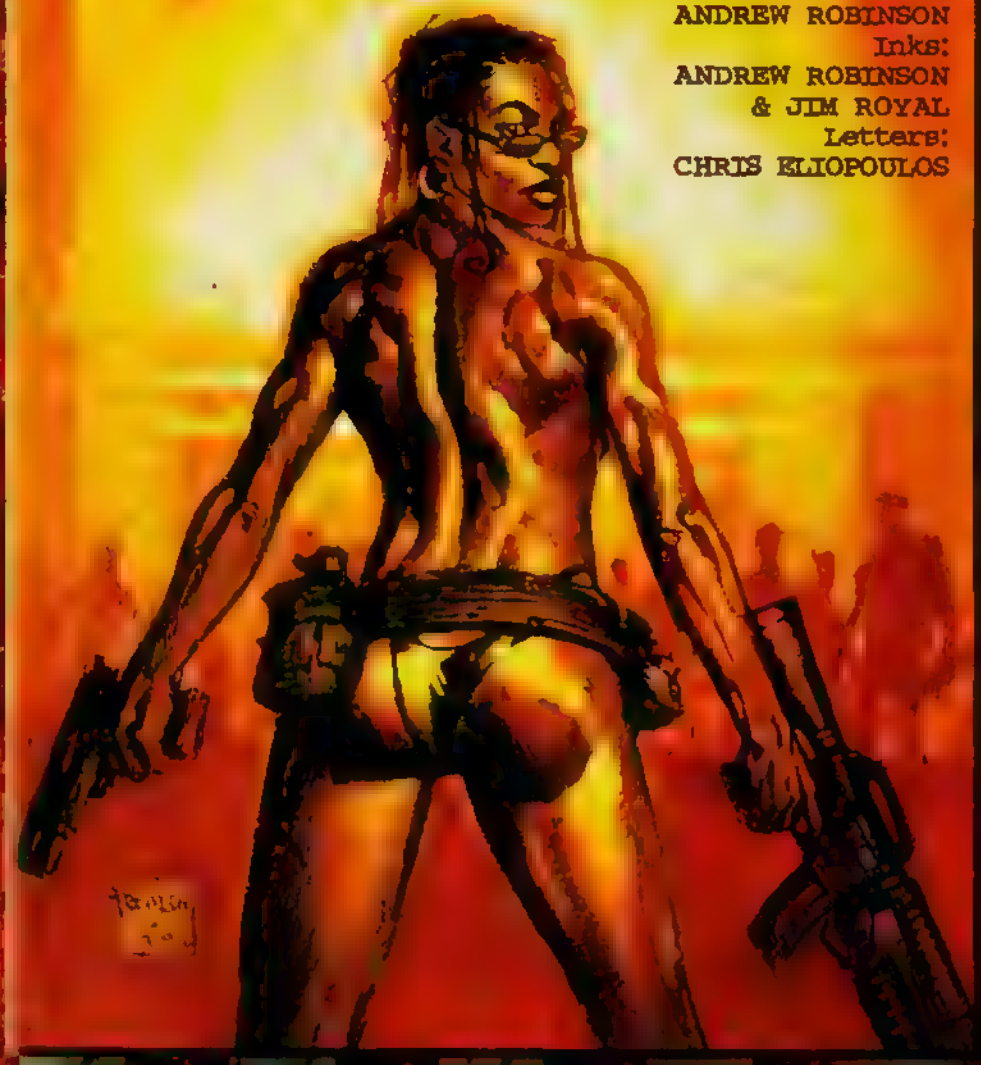
WE DID A RIGHTEOUS JOB OF CLIMAXING AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT INCREDIBLE ENCOUNTER

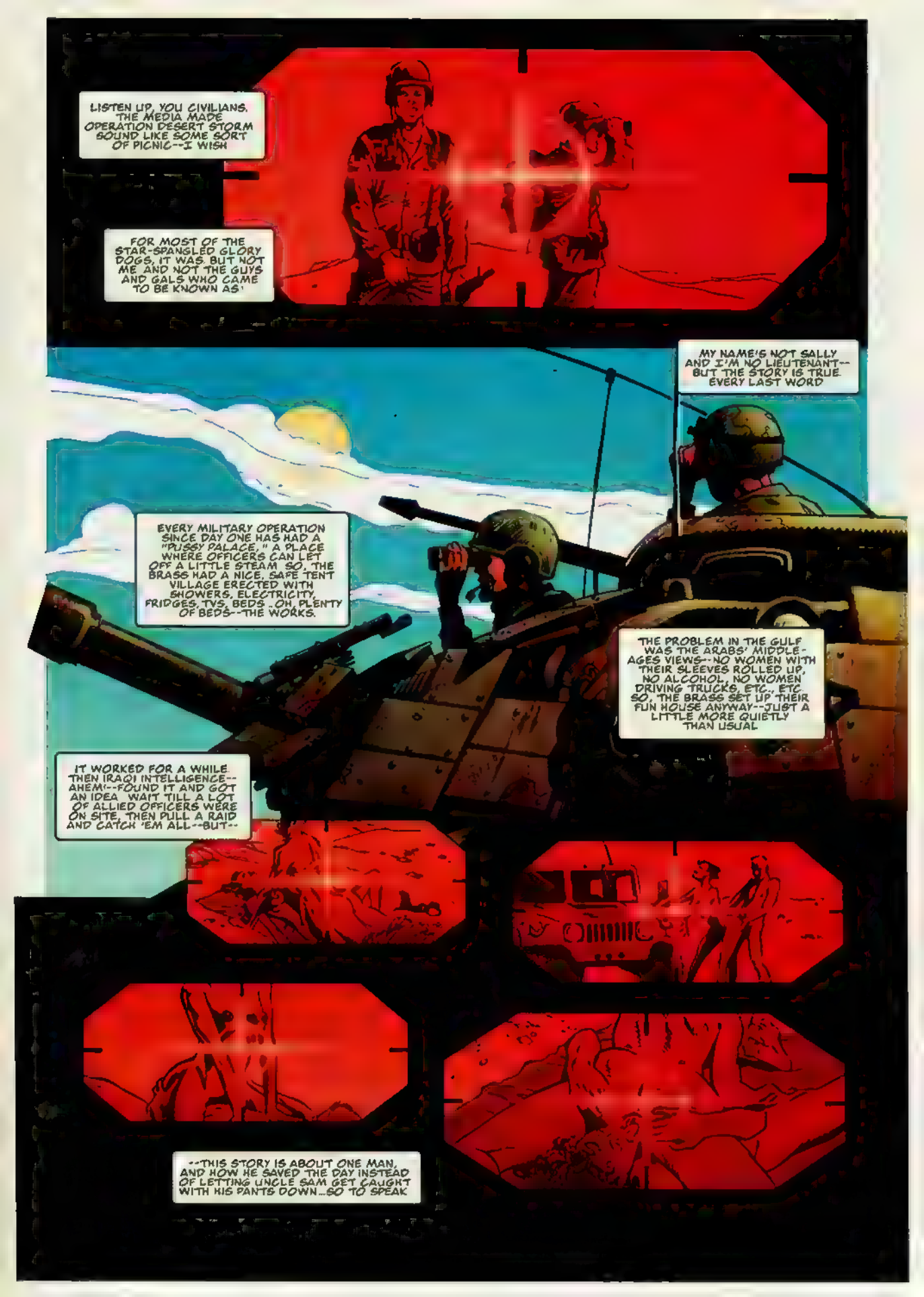

I GUESS THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR A COLLEGE EDUCATION
-D.R. GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA

THE PUSSY PANZERS

WHO HUNG HUSSEIN OUT TO DRY!

Story:
CJ HENDERSON
Pencils:
ANDREW ROBINSON
Inks:
ANDREW ROBINSON
& JIM ROYAL
Letters:
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

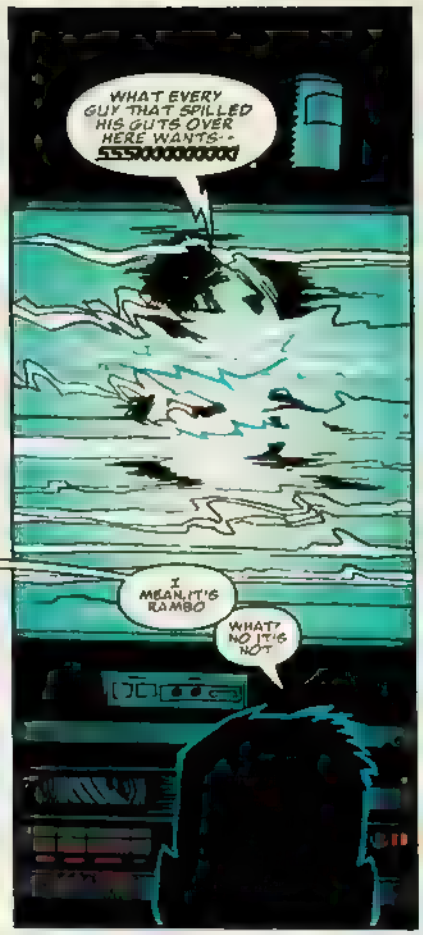



LISTEN UP, YOU CIVILIANS. THE MEDIA MADE OPERATION DESERT STORM SOUND LIKE SOME SORT OF PICNIC--I WISH
FOR MOST OF THE STAR-SPANGLED GLORY DOGS, IT WAS. BUT NOT ME AND NOT THE GUYS AND GALS WHO CAME TO BE KNOWN AS:
MY NAME'S NOT SALLY AND I'M NO LIEUTENANT--BUT THE STORY IS TRUE EVERY LAST WORD
EVERY MILITARY OPERATION SINCE DAY ONE HAS HAD A "PUSSY PALACE," A PLACE WHERE OFFICERS CAN LET OFF A LITTLE STEAM. SO, THE BRASS HAD A NICE, SAFE TENT VILLAGE ERECTED WITH SHOWERS, ELECTRICITY, FRIDGES, TVS, BEDS..OH, PLENTY OF BEDS--THE WORKS.
THE PROBLEM IN THE GULF WAS THE ARABS' MIDDLE-AGES VIEWS--NO WOMEN WITH THEIR SLEEVES ROLLED UP, NO ALCOHOL, NO WOMEN DRIVING TRUCKS, ETC., ETC. SO, THE BRASS SET UP THEIR FUN HOUSE ANYWAY--JUST A LITTLE MORE QUIETLY THAN USUAL
IT WORKED FOR A WHILE. THEN IRAQI INTELLIGENCE--AHEM!--FOUND IT AND GOT AN IDEA. WAIT TILL A LOT OF ALLIED OFFICERS WERE ON SITE, THEN PULL A RAID AND CATCH 'EM ALL--BUT--
--THIS STORY IS ABOUT ONE MAN, AND HOW HE SAVED THE DAY INSTEAD OF LETTING UNCLE SAM GET CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN...SO TO SPEAK

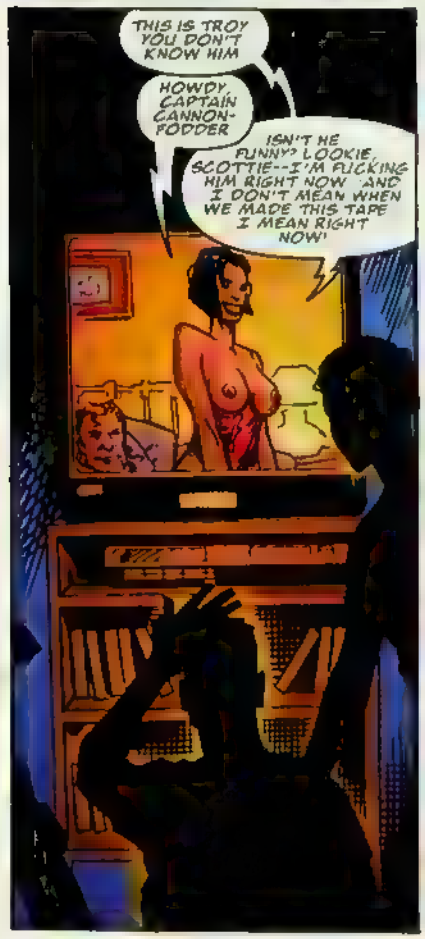
WE'LL SAY THAT MAN'S NAME WAS SCOTTIE IN A WAY, HIS WIFE BACK IN THE WORLD WAS ALMOST AS RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR VICTORY AS HE WAS

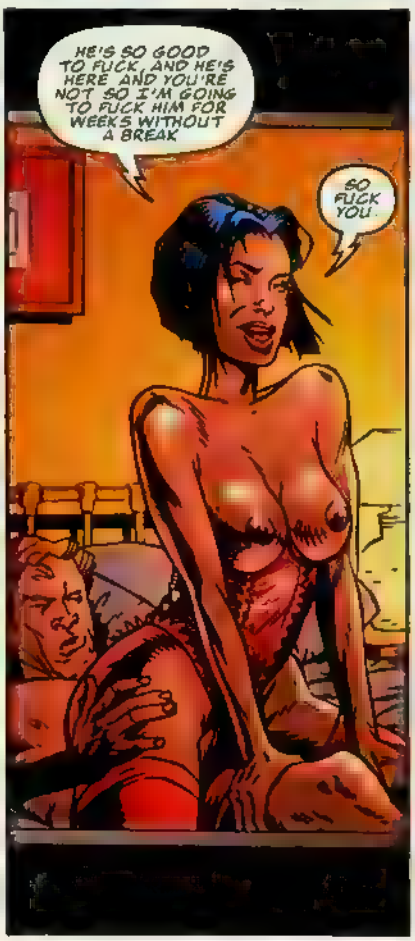
SCOTTIE DIDN'T GO TO THE PALACE TO CHEAT ON HIS WIFE WATCHING TAPES. PLAYING POOL WAS AS WILD AS SCOTTIE GOT. SINCE HIS WIFE HAD SENT HIM A STALLONE MOVIE, HE WROTE HIMSELF A PASS AND CAME OVER TO WATCH IT

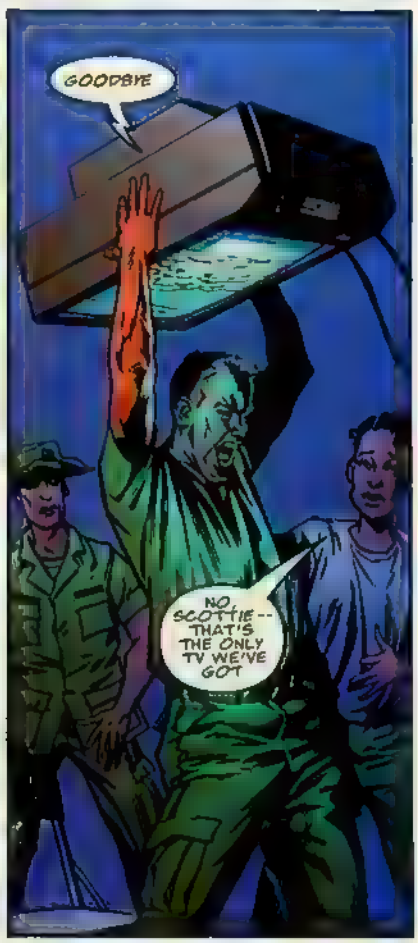
WHAT I WANT WHAT THEY WANT
SHIT YEAH MAN


WHAT EVERY GUY THAT SPILLED HIS GUTS OVER HERE WANTS--
SSSSOOOOOOOOOO
I MEAN, IT'S RAMBO
WHAT? NO IT'S NOT

HEY SCOTTIE IT'S ME, DENISE
THAT'S MY WIFE!

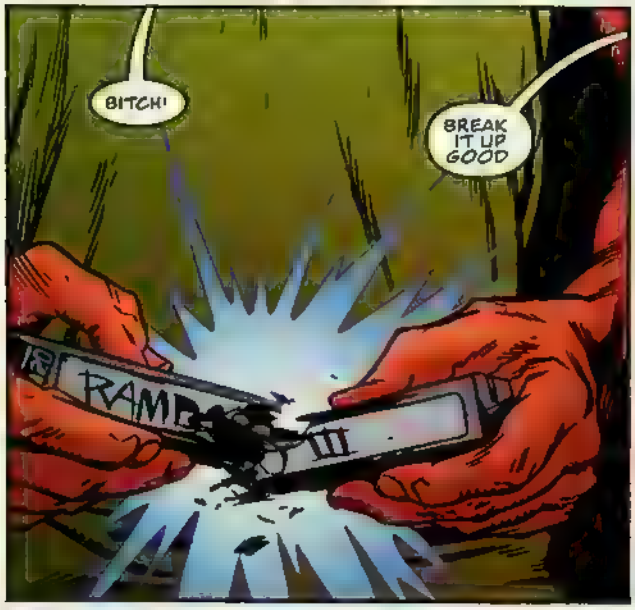

THIS IS TROY YOU DON'T KNOW HIM
HOWDY, CAPTAIN CANNON-FODDER
ISN'T HE FUNNY? LOOKIE, SCOTTIE--I'M FUCKING HIM RIGHT NOW AND I DON'T MEAN WHEN WE MADE THIS TAPE I MEAN RIGHT NOW!


HE'S SO GOOD TO FUCK, AND HE'S HERE AND YOU'RE NOT SO I'M GOING TO FUCK HIM FOR WEEKS WITHOUT A BREAK
SO FUCK YOU

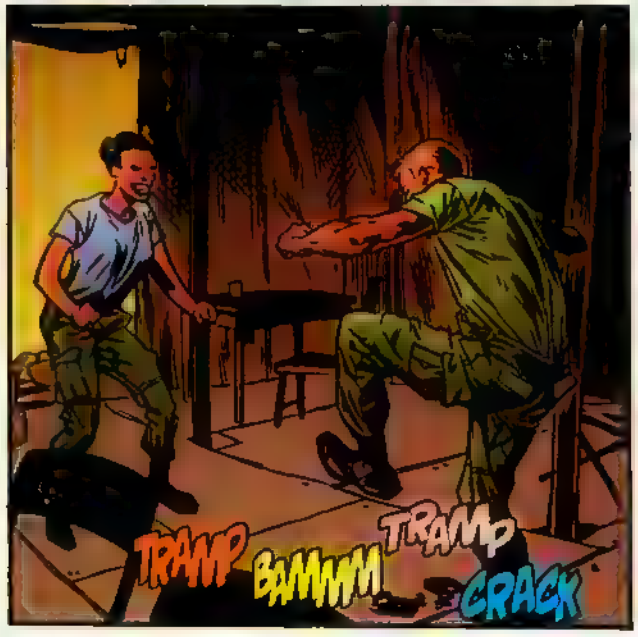

GOODBYE
NO, SCOTTIE-- THAT'S THE ONLY TV WE'VE GOT

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT
TAKE IT OUT ON THE DAMN TAPE.

YEAH, RIGHT
FUCKIN' WHORE.


BITCH!
BREAK IT UP GOOD

STOMP IT! SMASH IT!


TRAMP
BAMMM
TRAMP
CRACK

AHH, SCOTTIE... ISN'T THAT A LITTLE EXCESSIVE?
TOO FUCKING BAD!
KACHOK

SCOTT-- REALLY!
BUKKA
BUKKA
BUKKA

FUCK IT.
FUCK IT...
RAM

FUCK IT!!
RAM

OOOWW! CHI'YA!
HUH?

SCOTTIE-- THAT VOICE.

YOU DON'T...

SCOTTIE! THAT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE ANY OFFICER I EVER HEARD.

DON'T WORRY
I'LL LOOK IT'LL BE OKAY
WE'RE IN A SAFE ZONE IT CAN'T BE ANY
AY! CHI CHI ACK'UM'CKA.
IT IS IT'S THE GODDAMNED ENEMY!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE DESERT--
OUR SCOUT, HE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!

ALLAH BE WITH US.. THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE. GIVE THE ORDER

ATTACK!

SOUND THE ATTACK-- NOW!

AYE-AYE-AYE-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI

MOTHER'A GOD!
SCOTTIE-- WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE KILL 'EM, THAT'S WHAT WE DO!
UNGHHHH!
BAMM
BAMM
BAMM
MAJOR-- WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
WE GOT NO TIME TO WAIT FOR THAT REMF...
WE GOTTA SPREAD THE WORD HERE!
GET UP--GET MOVING!
WHA- WHAT IS IT?
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
YOU'RE KIDDING, AREN'T YOU?
YOU HEAR THE GUNS GOING OFF, DICK BREATH?
WE'RE IN THE WAR, YOU IDIOT!

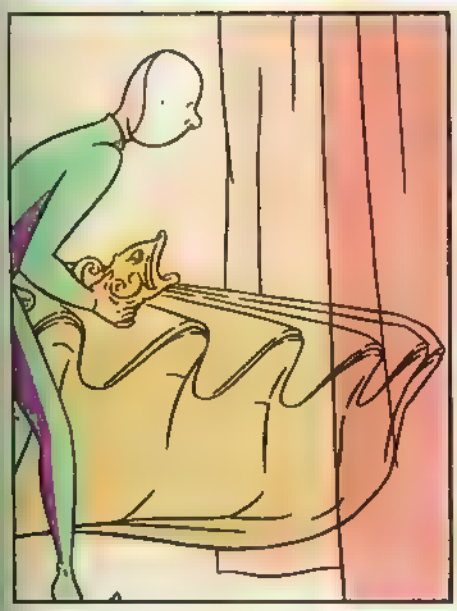
TO BE CONTINUED...

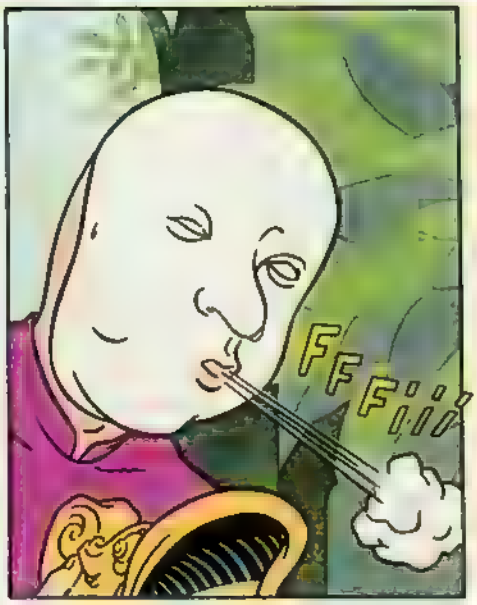
NEW FLORENCE, MID-SECOND MILLENNIUM OF THE NEORENAISSANCE ERA.

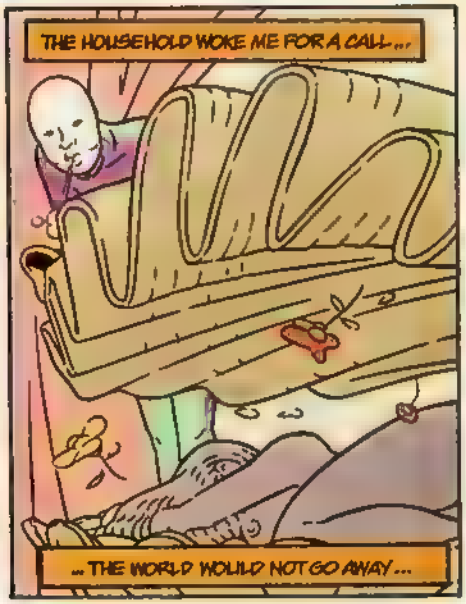
APHRODITE

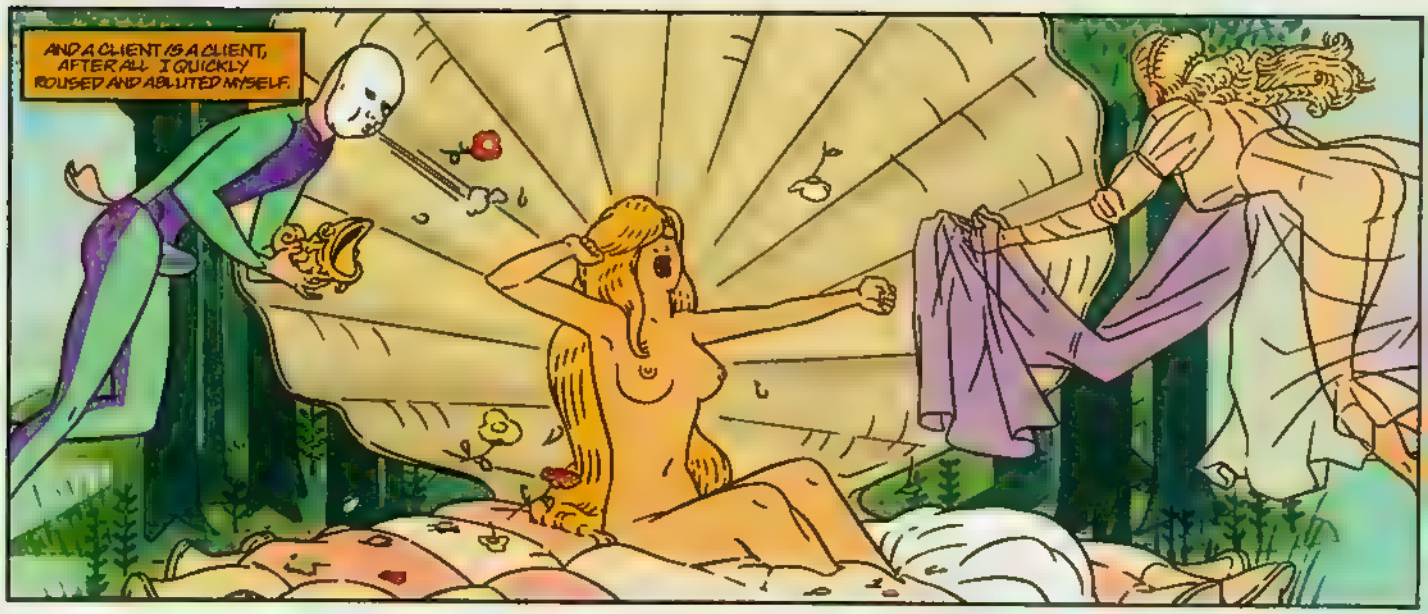
Story and Art
Daniel Torres

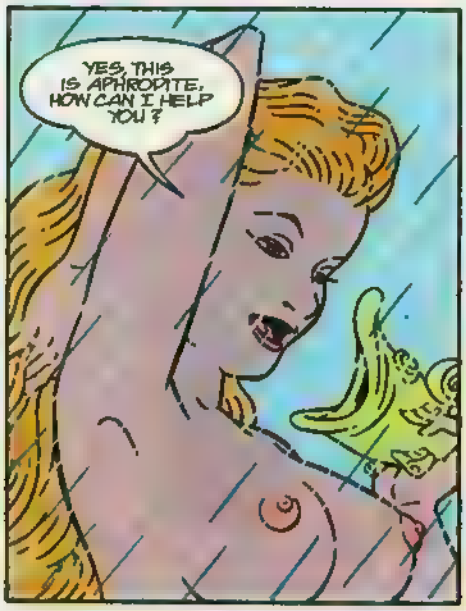
Letters
Vickie Williams

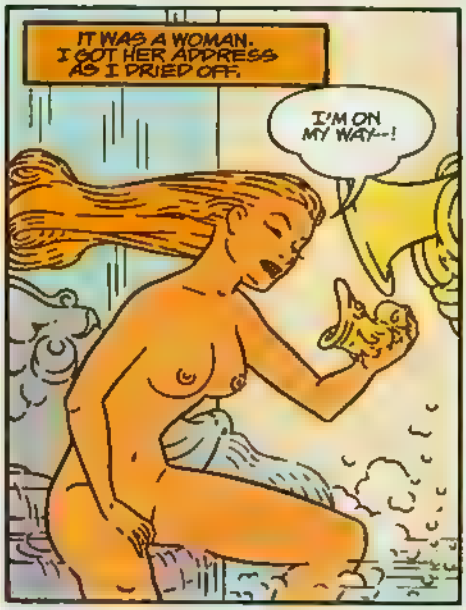




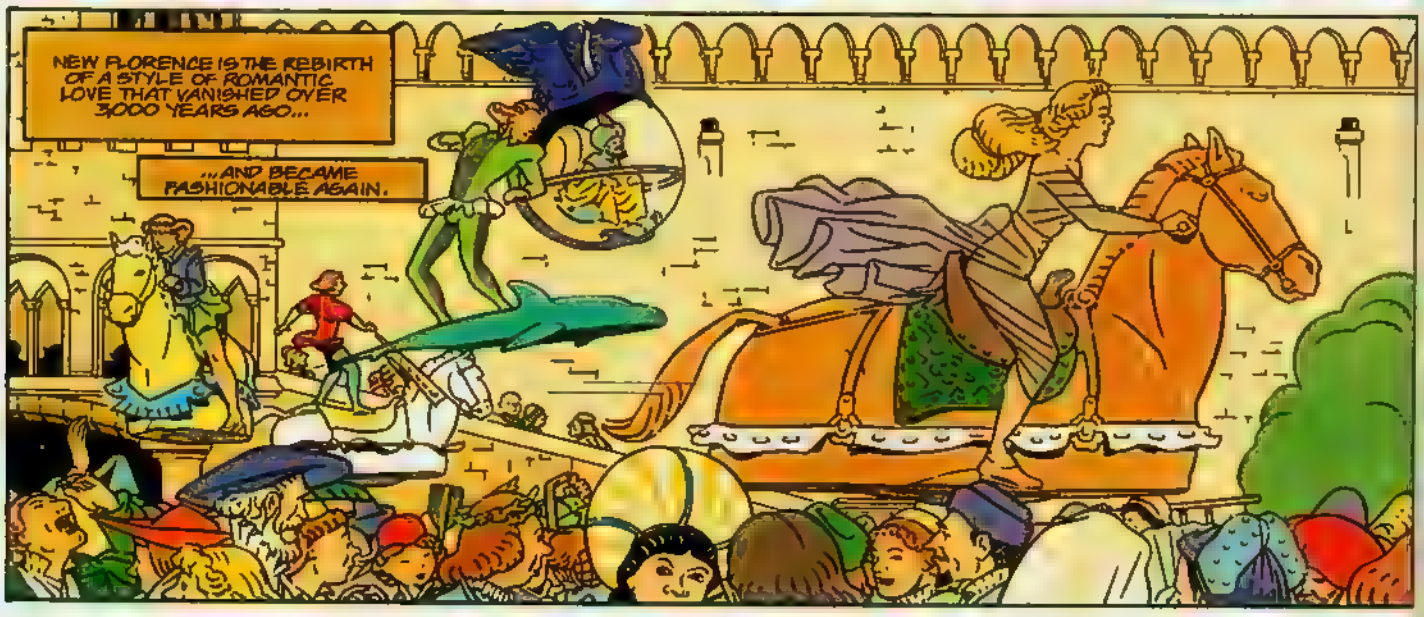



AND A CLIENT IS A CLIENT, AFTER ALL. I QUICKLY ROUSED AND ABLUTED MYSELF.

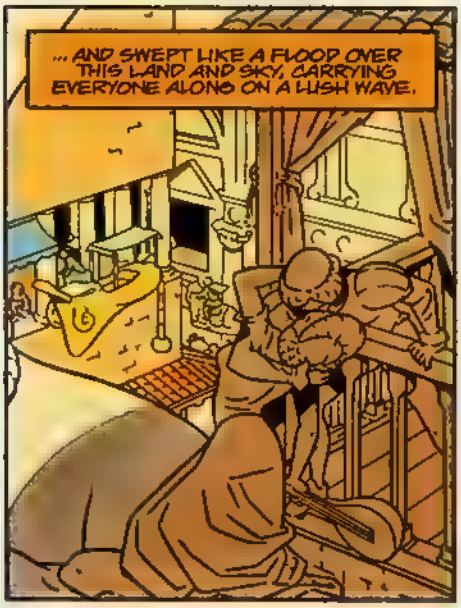

YES, THIS IS APHRODITE. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

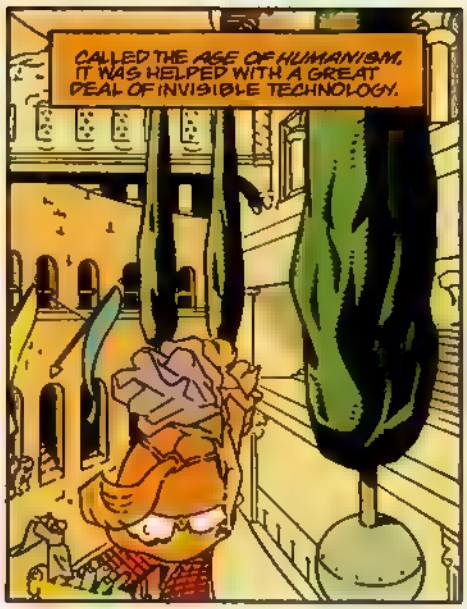

IT WAS A WOMAN. I GOT HER ADDRESS AS I DRIED OFF.
I'M ON MY WAY--!

MY CLIENTS WERE USUALLY MEN OR WOMEN... BUT NOW THAT THE HEAVENS HAVE BEEN OPENED, THEY COULD BE NEITHER.

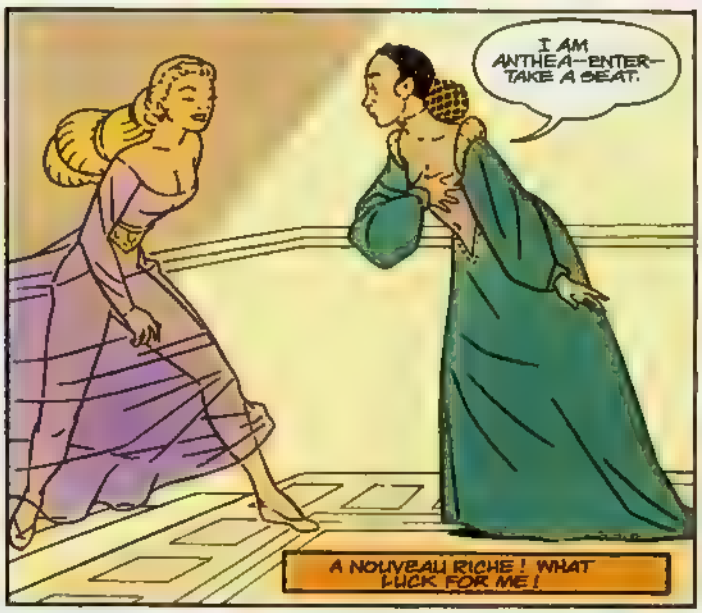

NEW FLORENCE IS THE REBIRTH OF A STYLE OF ROMANTIC LOVE THAT VANISHED OVER 3000 YEARS AGO...
...AND BECAME FASHIONABLE AGAIN.

SUDDENLY, THE PAGEANTRY OF ROMANTIC LOVE BLOSSOMED...

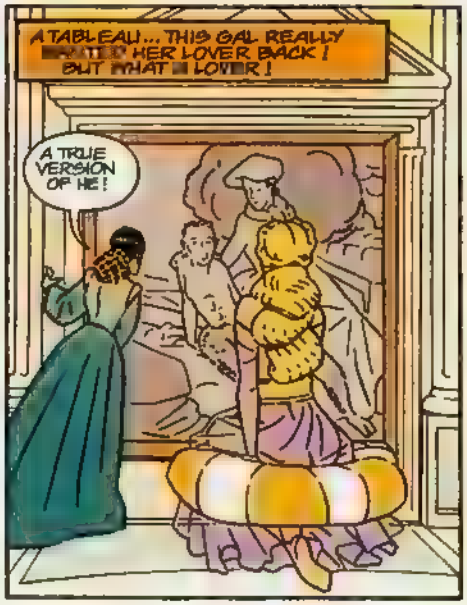

... AND SWEPT LIKE A FLOOD OVER THIS LAND AND SKY, CARRYING EVERYONE ALONG ON A LUSH WAVE.


CALLED THE AGE OF HUMANISM. IT WAS HELPED WITH A GREAT DEAL OF INVISIBLE TECHNOLOGY.

BUT AS SURE AS LOVE IS EVERLASTING, IT STILL COMES AND GOES—WHICH IS WHERE I COME IN. THOSE WHO COULDN'T FACE THAT THEY HAD LOST IT, HIRE ME TO FIND IT AGAIN.

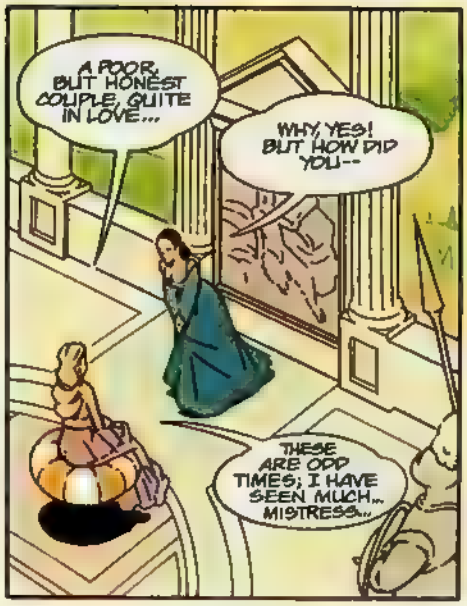

I AM ANTHEA—ENTER—TAKE A SEAT.
A NOUVEAU RICHE! WHAT LUCK FOR ME!

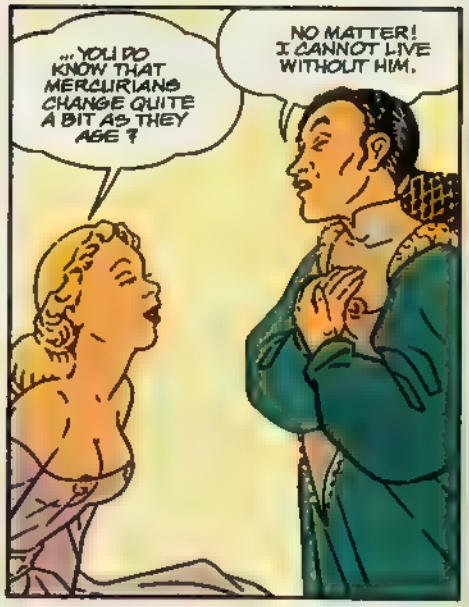
WITH EACH ORNAMENT AND STATUE, I EDGED UP MY FEE...
I CAN SHOW YOU WHO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...

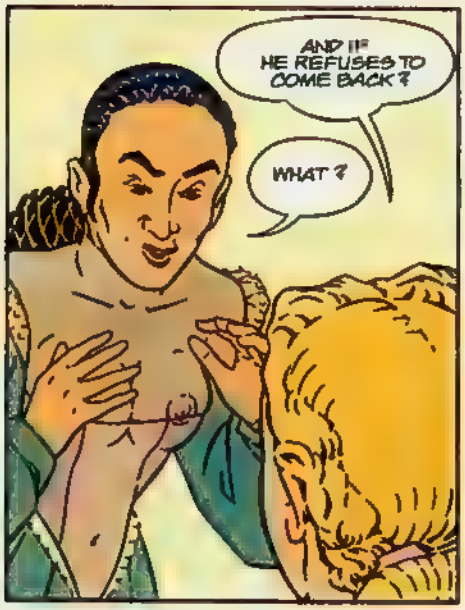

A TABLEAU... THIS GAL REALLY [illegible] HER LOVER BACK! BUT WHAT [illegible] LOVER!
A TRUE VERSION OF HE!

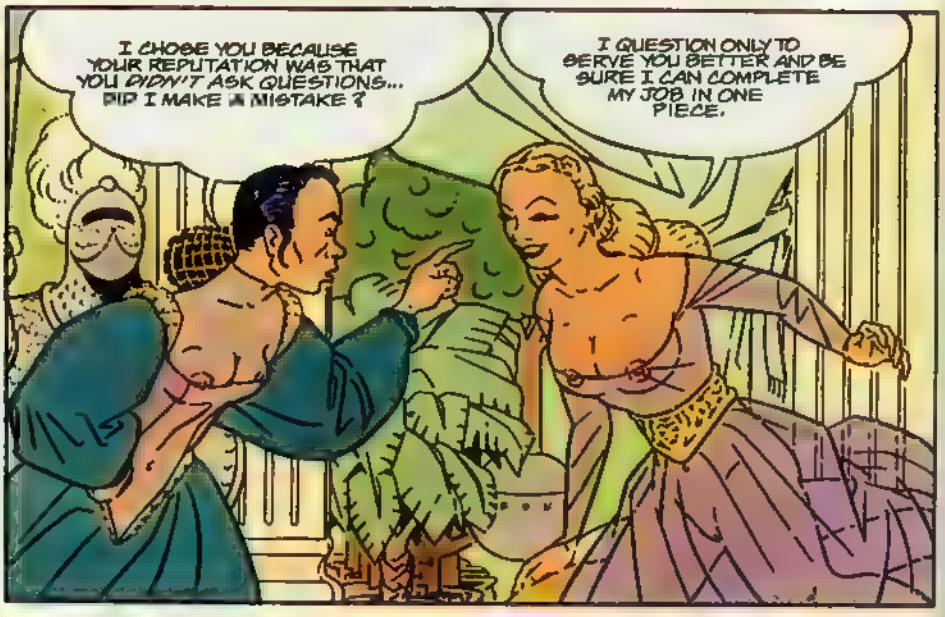
HE IS AVERNIAN!?

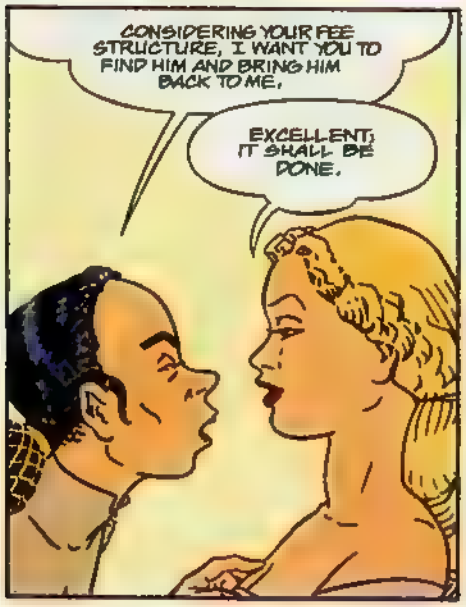
VERY MUCH SO... HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT HE WAS AS SWEET AND TEMPTING AS HONEY... POVERTY FORCED US APART...

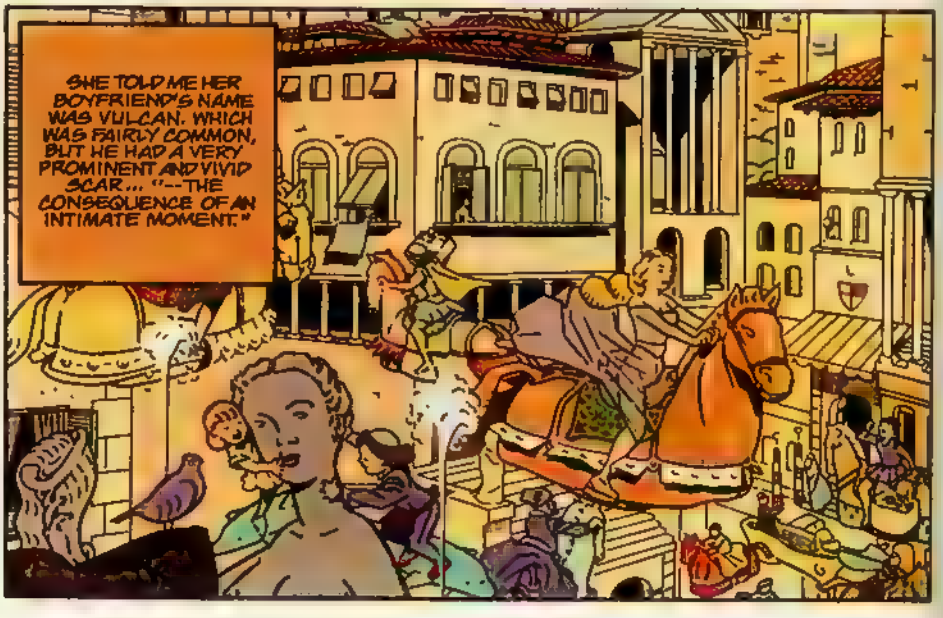

A POOR, BUT HONEST COUPLE, QUITE IN LOVE...
WHY, YES! BUT HOW DID YOU--
THESE ARE ODD TIMES; I HAVE SEEN MUCH... MISTRESS...


...YOU DO KNOW THAT MERCURIANS CHANGE QUITE A BIT AS THEY AGE?
NO MATTER! I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT HIM.


AND IF HE REFUSES TO COME BACK?
WHAT?


I CHOSE YOU BECAUSE YOUR REPUTATION WAS THAT YOU DIDN'T ASK QUESTIONS... DID I MAKE A MISTAKE?
I QUESTION ONLY TO SERVE YOU BETTER AND BE SURE I CAN COMPLETE MY JOB IN ONE PIECE.


CONSIDERING YOUR FEE STRUCTURE, I WANT YOU TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO ME.
EXCELLENT; IT SHALL BE DONE.


SHE TOLD ME HER BOYFRIEND'S NAME WAS VULCAN, WHICH WAS FAIRLY COMMON, BUT HE HAD A VERY PROMINENT AND VIVID SCAR... "--THE CONSEQUENCE OF AN INTIMATE MOMENT."

AND IT LED STRAIGHT TO DANTE'S, THE FLOATING CITY OF FUN AND GAMES...

... WHERE DAY AND NIGHT HAD NO MEANING AND WAS A CONTINUUM OF LOVE

THE AGE OF HUMANISM BROUGHT THESE THINGS...

IF ONE COULD NOT OBTAIN A LEGITIMATE PASSION, THEY COULD BUY IT AND PRETEND.

GOOD LUCK, PRETTY LADY!

CLIMB ONTO YOUR CLOUD, PLEASE!

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO GAMBLE WITH--

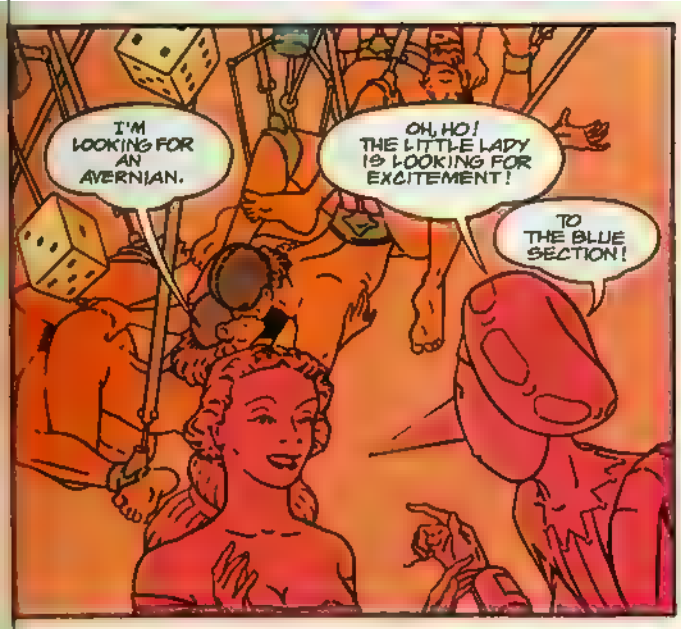
--GODS OR BEASTS--

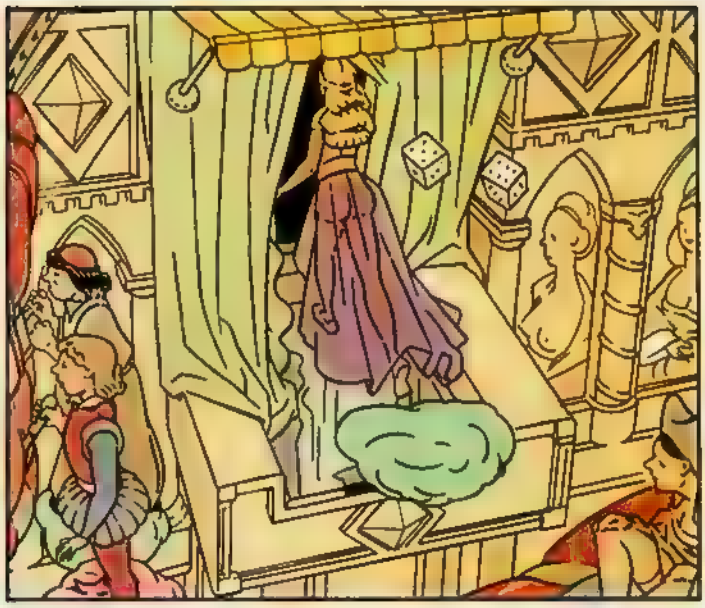
--MACHINES OR MYSTIC AMOEBAS--

--PERHAPS A GAME OF SENSITIVE CHESS?

TRY A HISTORIC EVENT?

OR-- LET THE DICE DECIDE?


I'M LOOKING FOR AN AVERNIAN.
OH, HO! THE LITTLE LADY IS LOOKING FOR EXCITEMENT!
TO THE BLUE SECTION!



THE SCAR! IT'S HIM!

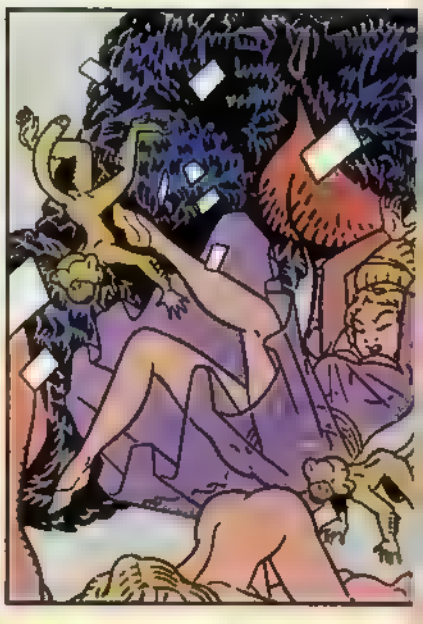
MOVE YOUR HAND MORE OR LESS!

HELLO, VULCAN!

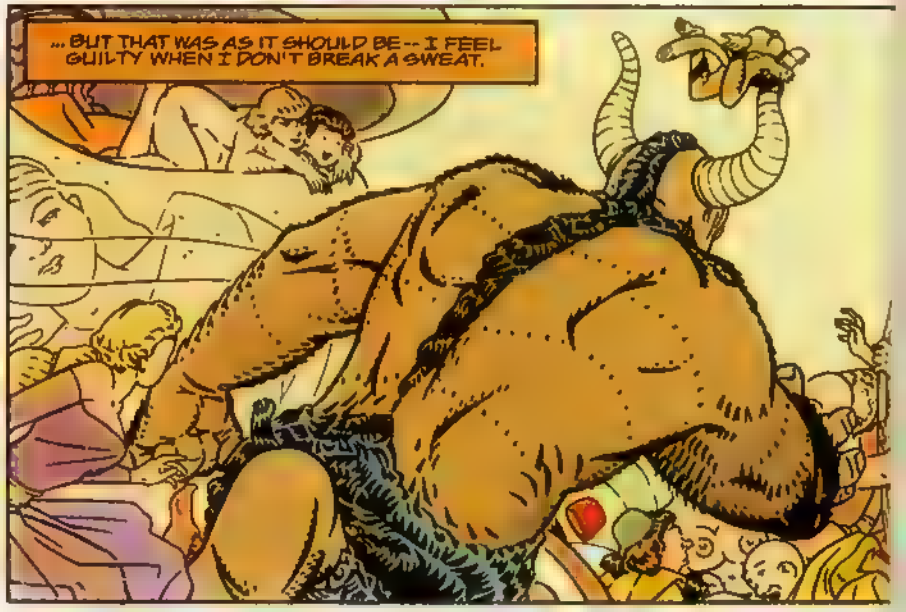
HEY, TINY—BACK TO WORK!
I'M BUSY RIGHT NOW--DRAW A CARD AND WAIT OR GET OUT.

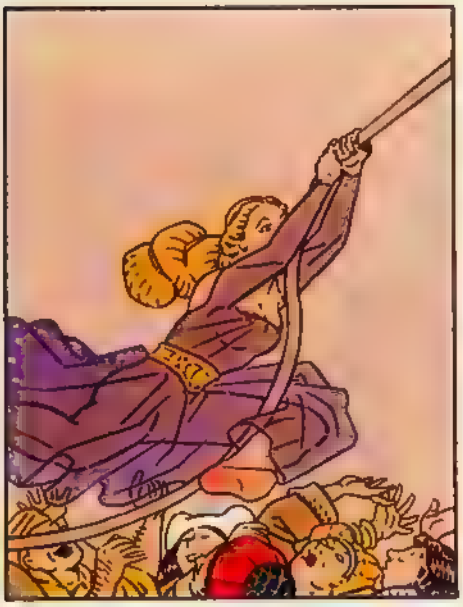
I HAVE GOOD NEWS! A DEAR FRIEND OF YOURS WANTS TO RETIRE YOU FROM HERE!
HUH?

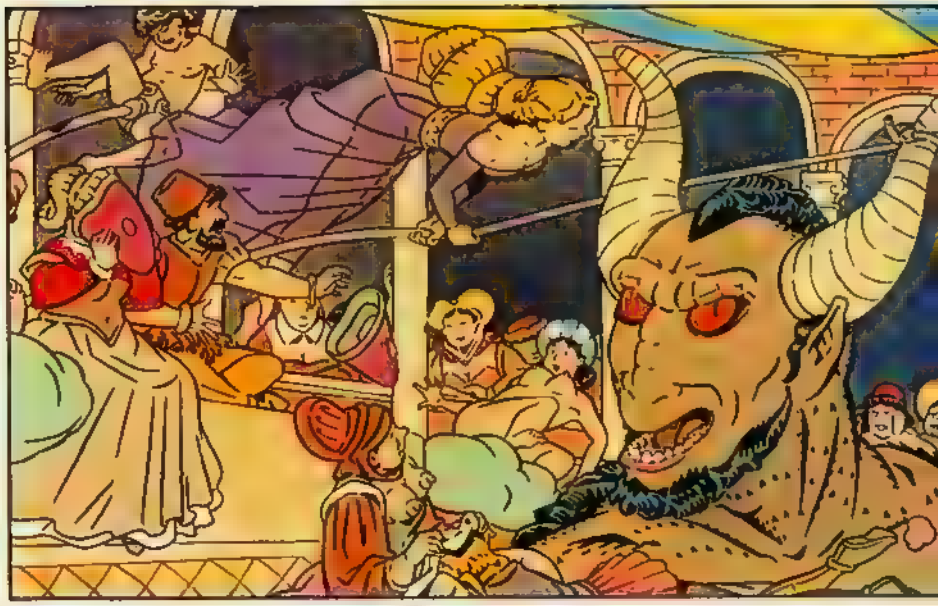
SHE WANTS TO SAVE YOU FROM ALL THIS AND TAKE YOU BACK-- MAMA ANTHEA MISSES YOU TERRIBLY!
ANTHEA! OH-NO--!

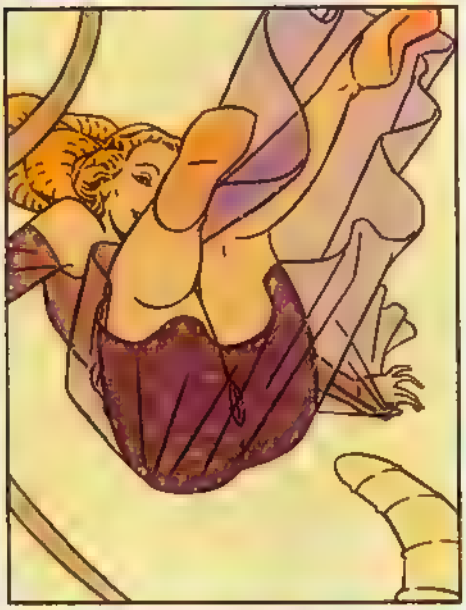


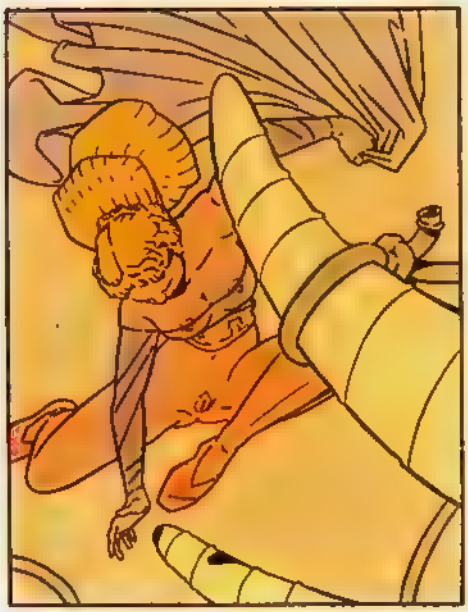
THIS JOB WAS NOT GOING TO BE AS EASY AS I THOUGHT...

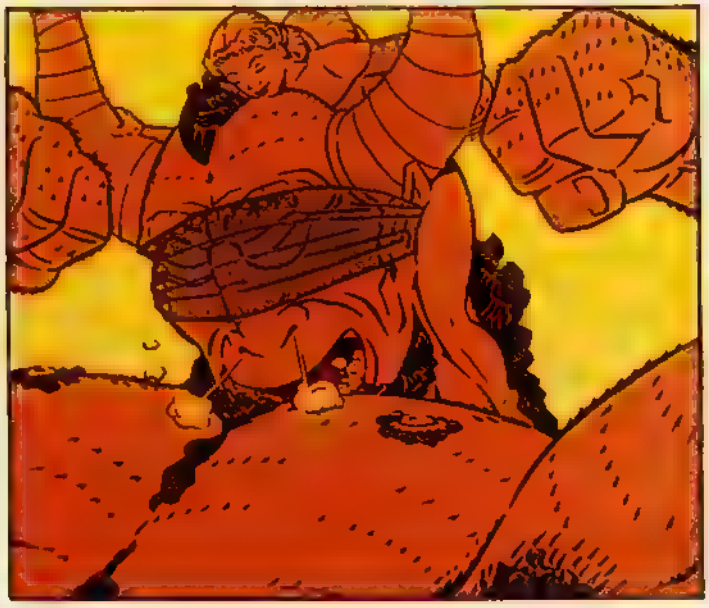

...BUT THAT WAS AS IT SHOULD BE -- I FEEL GUILTY WHEN I DON'T BREAK A SWEAT.

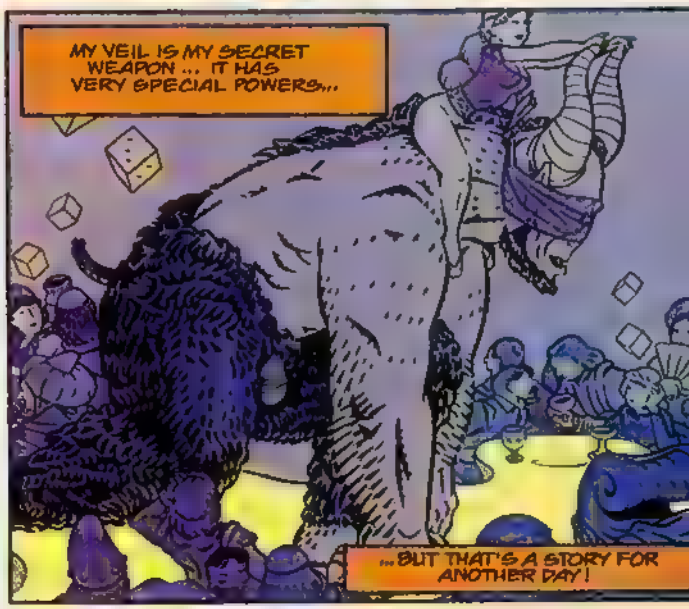






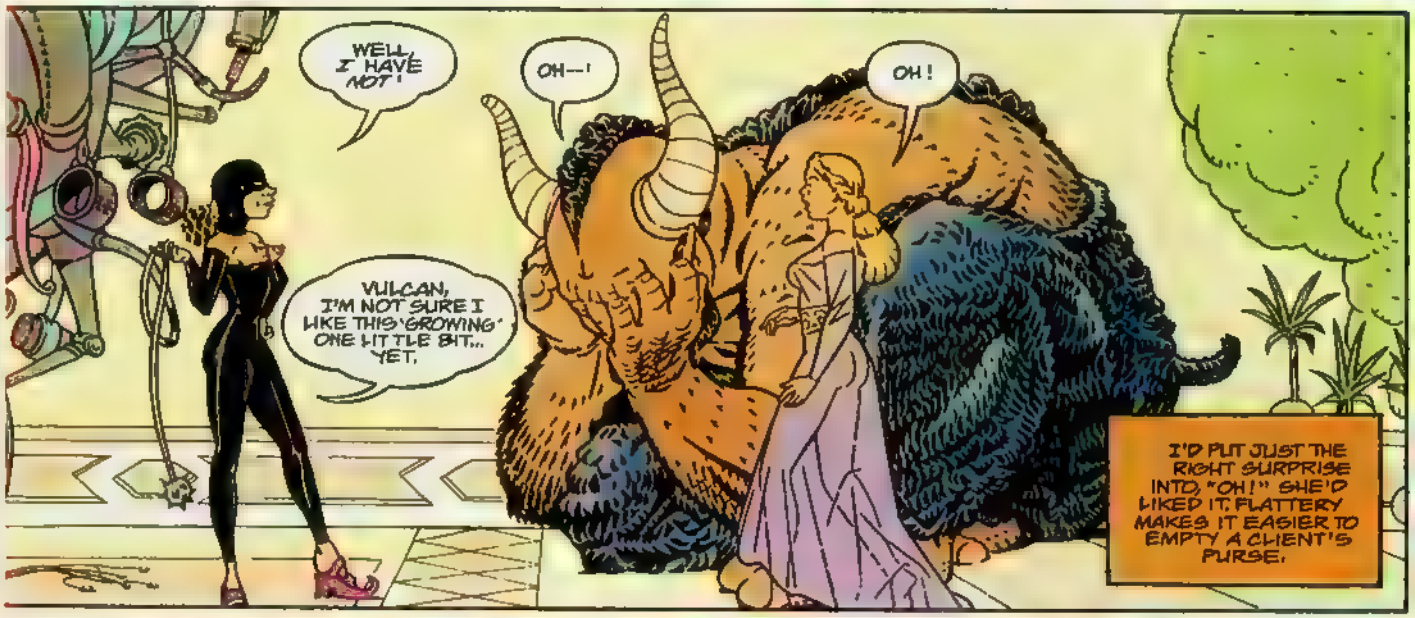


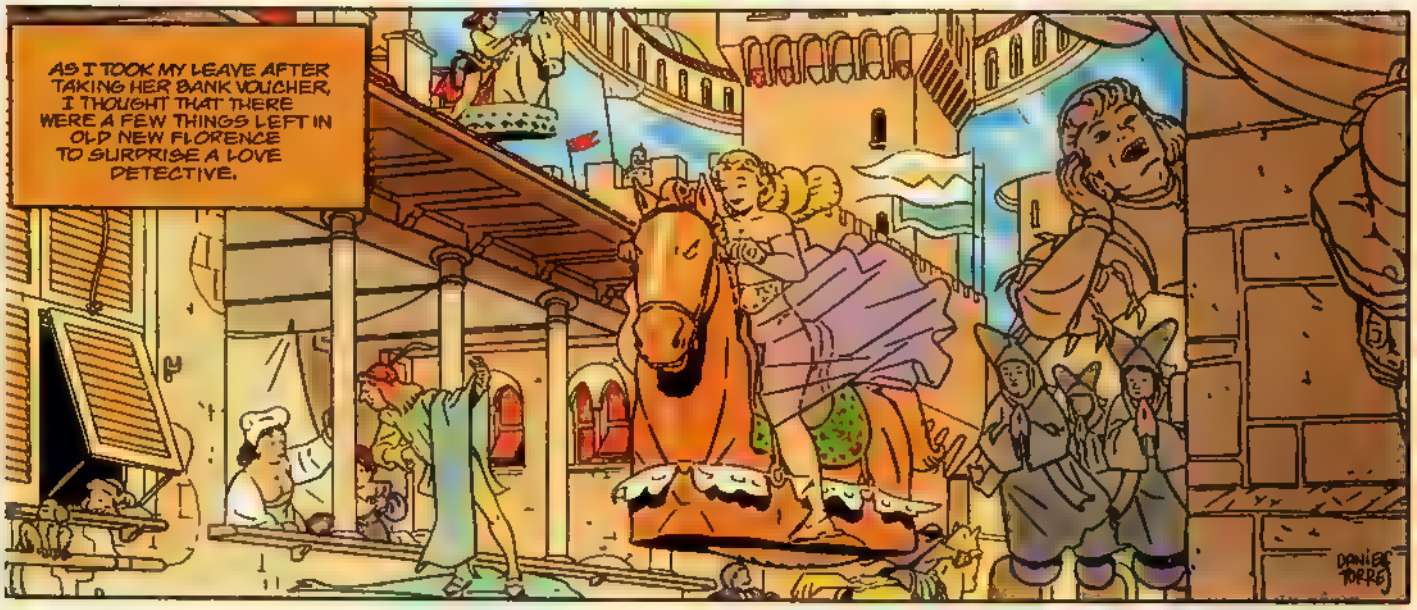



MY VEIL IS MY SECRET WEAPON ... IT HAS VERY SPECIAL POWERS...
...BUT THAT'S A STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY!

HERE'S YOUR PACKAGE, MADAM...

AS I SAID, HE'S GROWN QUITE A BIT SINCE YOU'VE LAST SEEN HIM. RIGHT, VULCAN?

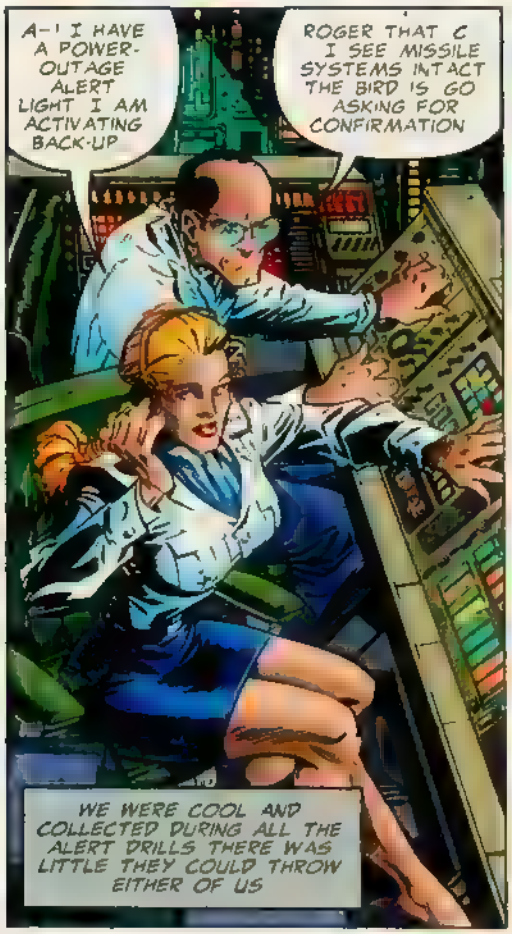

WELL, I HAVE NOT!
VULCAN, I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THIS 'GROWING' ONE LITTLE BIT... YET.
OH—!
OH!
I'D PUT JUST THE RIGHT SURPRISE INTO "OH!" SHE'D LIKED IT. FLATTERY MAKES IT EASIER TO EMPTY A CLIENT'S PURSE.

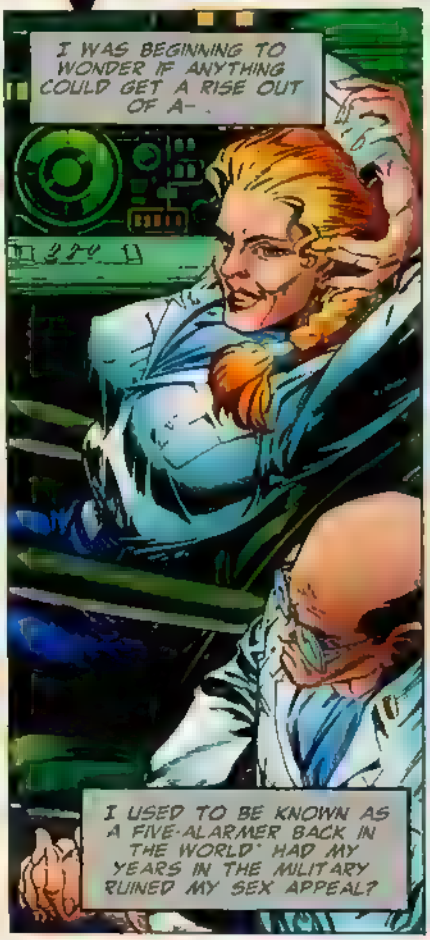

AS I TOOK MY LEAVE AFTER TAKING HER BANK VOUCHER, I THOUGHT THAT THERE WERE A FEW THINGS LEFT IN OLD NEW FLORENCE TO SURPRISE A LOVE DETECTIVE.
DANIEL TORRES

BROWN'S DELIGHTS:
BOMBS AWAY!
CLIFF BROWN-WRITER
PARIS CULLINS-PENCILS
GEORGE FREEMAN-INKS
LAURIE R. SMITH-COLORING
DIGITAL CHAMELEON
COLOR RENDITION
DEAR PENTHOUSE COMIX. I AM WRITING THIS ON A DARE I AM A RETIRED AIR FORCE CAPTAIN AND ONE OF AMERICA'S COLD WAR WEAPONS I WAS A FEMALE ICBM LAUNCH OFFICER IN THE LATE 1970S

WE WERE THE ULTIMATE DETERRENT OUR ENEMY WOULD NEVER DARE LAUNCH A NUCLEAR MISSILE ATTACK AGAINST US BECAUSE WE TWO AND MANY OTHER MOTIVATED YOUNG SOLDIERS STOOD READY TO LAUNCH A DEVASTATING RETALIATORY ATTACK

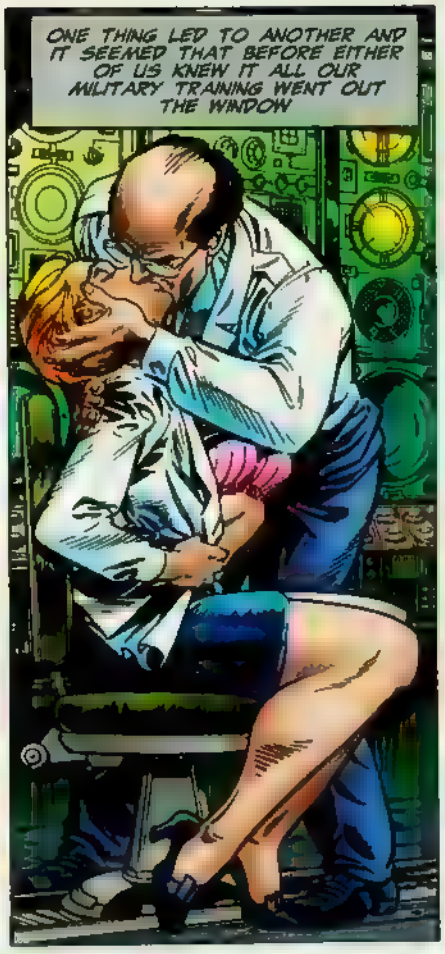
WE WERE CALLED 'MISSILEERS' WE WERE A VERY TIGHT-KNIT GROUP. HIGHLY TRAINED AND MOTIVATED. THE CONSTANT STRAIN WE WERE ALL PLACED UNDER GAVE US MANY UNSPOKEN TENSIONS
WE TRAINED AND WERE DEPLOYED IN PAIRS. I'D BEEN WITH CAPTAIN CRAIG A··FOR TWO YEARS DURING THE TOUGH EDUCATION PROCESS AND RELENTLESS TRAINING WE COUNTED ON EACH OTHER AND KNEW HOW THE OTHER ONE ACTED AND REACTED TO MOST ANYTHING


A-1 I HAVE A POWER-OUTAGE ALERT LIGHT I AM ACTIVATING BACK-UP
ROGER THAT C I SEE MISSILE SYSTEMS INTACT THE BIRD IS GO ASKING FOR CONFIRMATION
WE WERE COOL AND COLLECTED DURING ALL THE ALERT DRILLS THERE WAS LITTLE THEY COULD THROW EITHER OF US

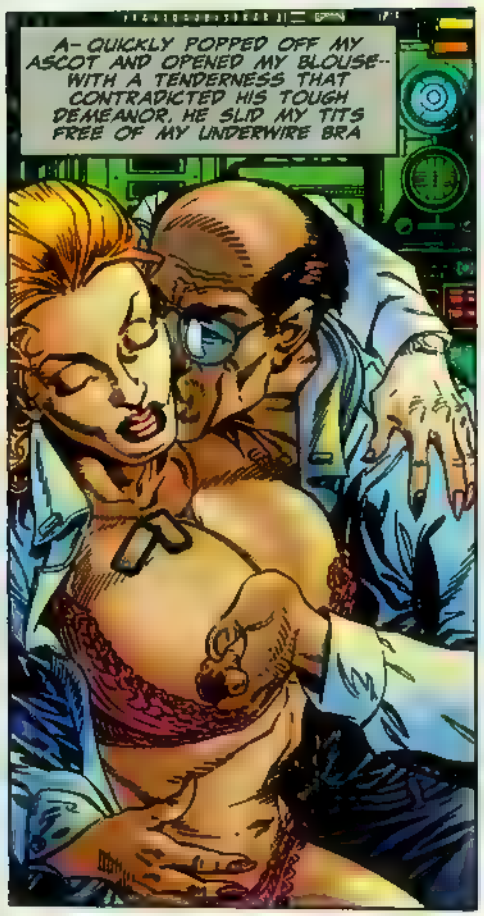

I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF ANYTHING COULD GET A RISE OUT OF A-.
I USED TO BE KNOWN AS A FIVE-ALARMER BACK IN THE WORLD' HAD MY YEARS IN THE MILITARY RUINED MY SEX APPEAL?

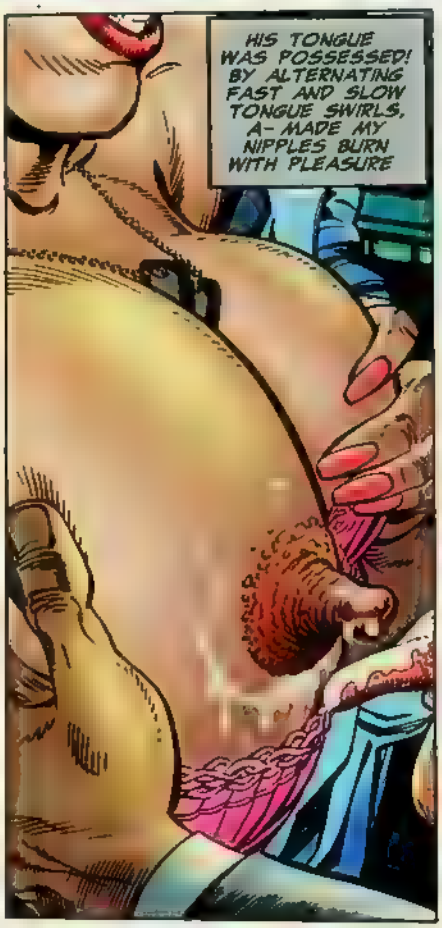
MILITARY PROTOCOL IS VERY STRICT ON FRATERNIZATION, SO I HADN'T EVEN FLIRTED TOO MUCH. AS I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT AN EVEN GREATER STRAIN ON THE TWO OF US
I HADN'T REALIZED THAT THERE WAS PLENTY OF STRAIN WITHOUT ME DOING ANYTHING

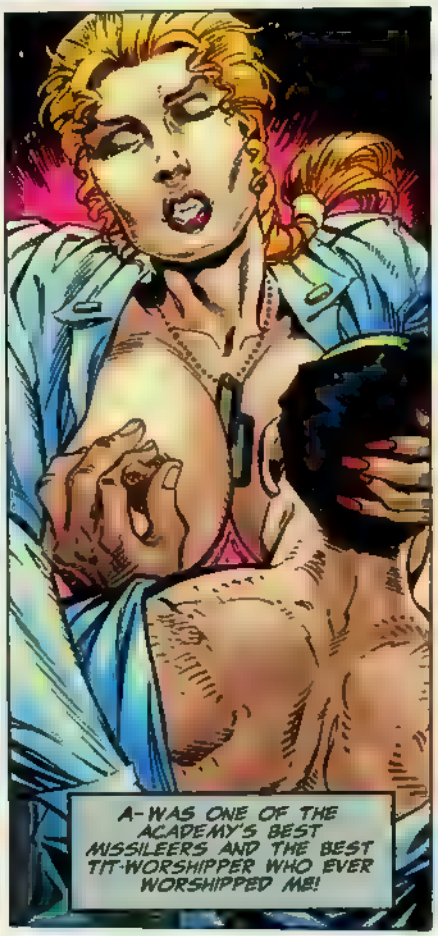
THEN, DURING A QUALITY ASSURANCE PROCEDURE, HE BROUGHT UP THE TOPIC OF HOW TOUGH IT WAS TO BE TRAPPED IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND WITH ONE OF THE PRETTIEST WOMEN HE HAD EVER KNOWN...
...AND WITH THE LARGEST BREASTS HE HAD EVER SEEN

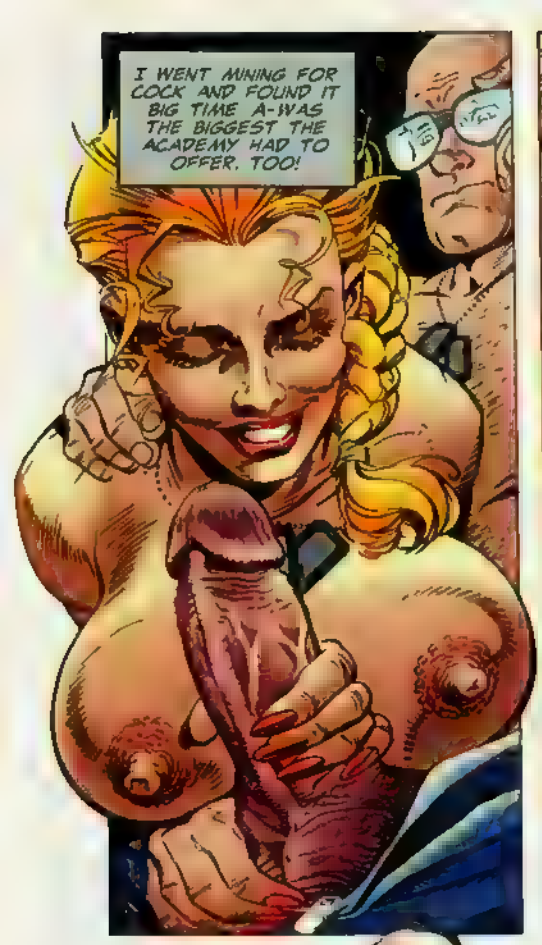

ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER AND IT SEEMED THAT BEFORE EITHER OF US KNEW IT ALL OUR MILITARY TRAINING WENT OUT THE WINDOW

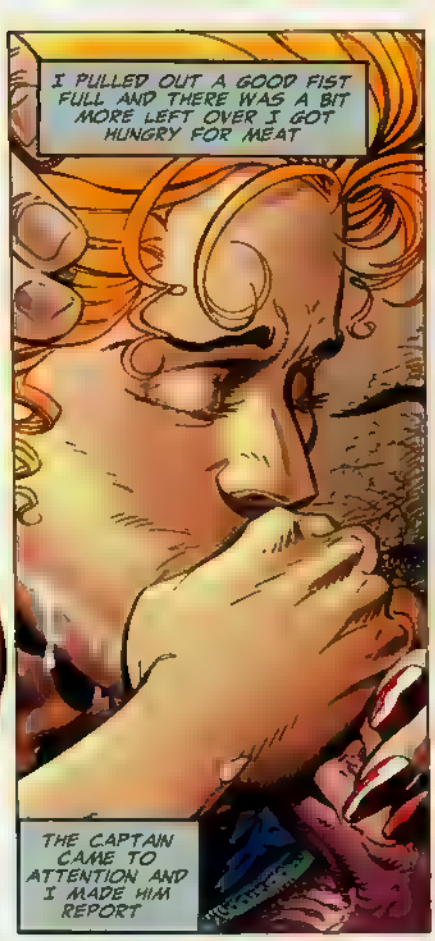
I GUESS I WAS A LITTLE TURNED ON, TOO REBELLING AGAINST ALL THAT MILITARY PROTOCOL AND FUCKING NEAR THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE WORLD!

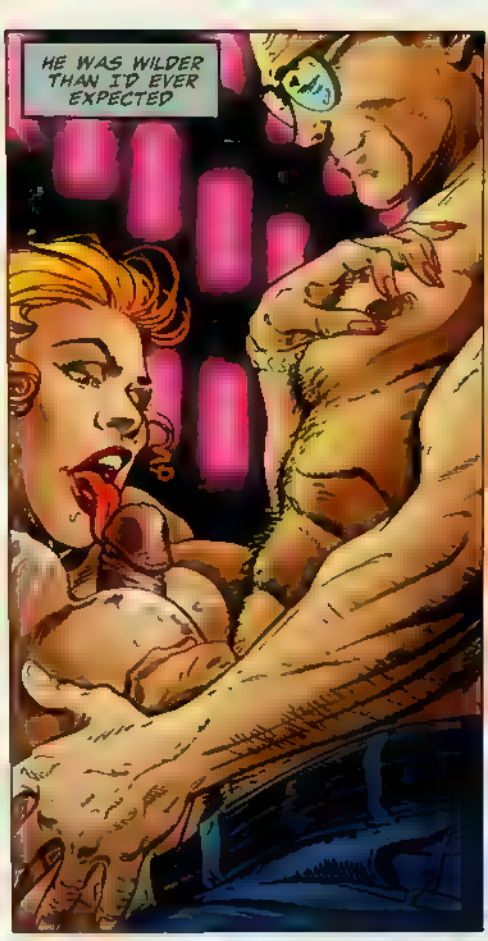

A- QUICKLY POPPED OFF MY ASCOT AND OPENED MY BLOUSE-- WITH A TENDERNESS THAT CONTRADICTED HIS TOUGH DEMEANOR, HE SLID MY TITS FREE OF MY UNDERWIRE BRA

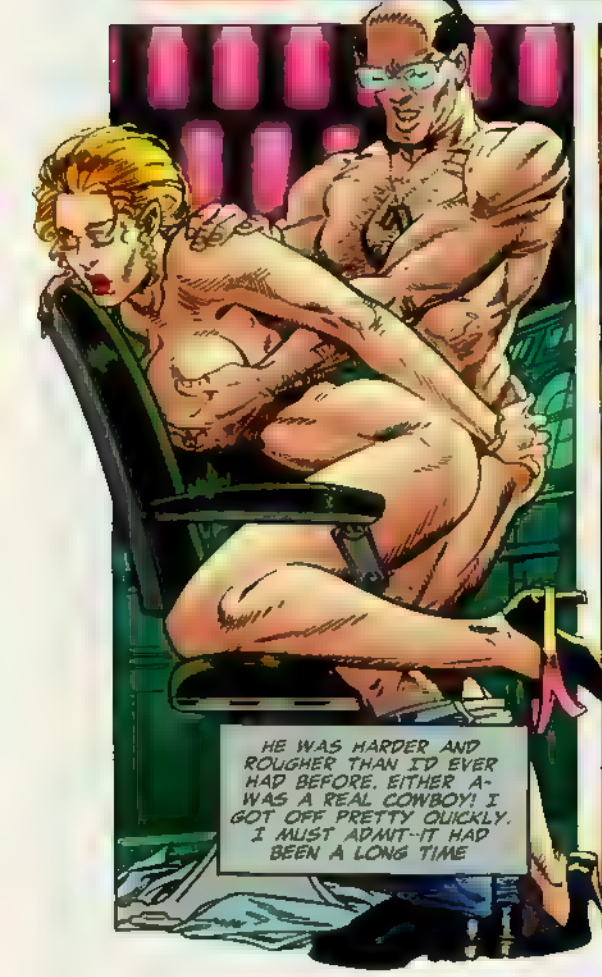

HIS TONGUE WAS POSSESSED! BY ALTERNATING FAST AND SLOW TONGUE SWIRLS, A- MADE MY NIPPLES BURN WITH PLEASURE

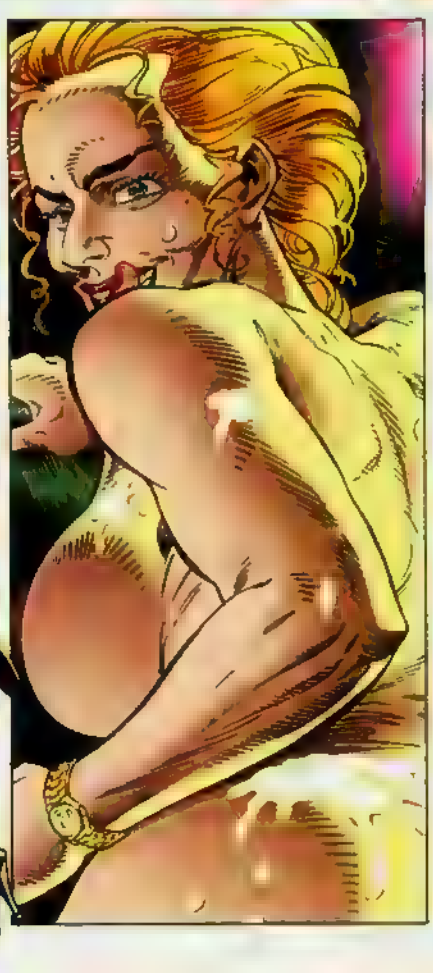

A- WAS ONE OF THE ACADEMY'S BEST MISSILEERS AND THE BEST TIT-WORSHIPPER WHO EVER WORSHIPPED ME!


I WENT MINING FOR COCK AND FOUND IT BIG TIME A-WAS THE BIGGEST THE ACADEMY HAD TO OFFER, TOO!


I PULLED OUT A GOOD FIST FULL AND THERE WAS A BIT MORE LEFT OVER I GOT HUNGRY FOR MEAT
THE CAPTAIN CAME TO ATTENTION AND I MADE HIM REPORT


HE WAS WILDER THAN I'D EVER EXPECTED


HE WAS HARDER AND ROUGHER THAN I'D EVER HAD BEFORE. EITHER A-WAS A REAL COWBOY! I GOT OFF PRETTY QUICKLY. I MUST ADMIT--IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME



JUST AS WE WERE BUTTONING UP, WE GOT FLASH TRAFFIC FROM THE CO THAT WAS CLOSE BUT IT WAS WORTH 'T! WE'VE SINCE GOTTEN MARRIED
...AND IF WE COULD STAND THE PRESSURES OF BEING MISSILEERS WHO FUCK IN THE SILOS, MARRIAGE WAS A BREEZE BUT WE NEVER DID IT AGAIN UNDERGROUND THAT IS! CPTN C.D RETIRED. GREEN VALLEY AZ

MOST PEOPLE DON'T KNOW SHIT MOST PEOPLE'LL BELIEVE THE BIGGEST LOAD OF CRAP IN THE WORLD RATHER THAN HAVE THEIR COMFORTABLE LITTLE LIVES INTERRUPTED
IF THIS SOUNDS LIKE A HARSH JUDGMENT DON'T WORRY I KNOW HOW QUICKLY AND SMUGLY AND COMPLETELY PEOPLE CAN BE SUCKED INTO A COMFORT TRAP I'M OVER SEVENTY YEARS OLD I'VE BEEN EVERY KIND OF HORSE'S ASS THERE IS
BANG
I KNOW JUST HOW BIG A FOOL A GUY CAN MAKE OUT OF HIMSELF ONCE PRIDE AND FEAR OF GETTING OFF HIS ASS GET THEIR CLAWS INTO HIM
BOW
BOW
BELIEVE ME I KNOW

I DON'T HAVE TO TURN AROUND TO KNOW WHAT'S GOIN ON BEHIND ME I CAN HEAR VERY BAD THINGS BEING SAID ABOUT ME IN CANTONESE
THRAT
OH YEAH WE'RE IN TROUBLE NOW
PK
PPNC

I HELP MY TRAVELIN COMPANION INTO MY JALOPY. I GIVE HER THE BACK SEAT SO SHE CAN STRETCH OUT AND BE COMFORTABLE
BM BMBM
THEN I STOP TO TRADE BON MOTS WITH SOME OF THE LOCALS. I TRY NOT TO WASTE A LOT OF TIME WITH IT. FIRST OFF. I GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO
SECOND, IT WAS BEGINNIN TO LOOK LIKE I MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY TIME TO WASTE

I KNOW I GOT AT LEAST TWO CARS ON MY TAIL
I TAKE AN UNNECESSARY CORNER JUST A MAKE SURE
SURE ENOUGH BOTH OF THEM FOLLOW
SKKKKKKEEEEEEEEEEE
TWO BUNCHES OF GOONS WITH GUNS HOT HEADED AND UNTHINKING AND OUT TO PROVE SOMETHING GREAT
FUCKING GREAT

THAK
CH-CHAK
THREE CARS?
KKAK
OH NO NOT THREE
THREE WOULD BE TOO EASY
DAMN I'M GETTIN TOO OLD FOR THIS KINDA SHIT
OF COURSE I DIDN'T THINK SO WHEN I GOT MYSELF INTO IT

KODIAK

"ON & ON"

story: c.j.henderson
art: tony salmons
lettering: kenny lopez

SHE WAS WRONG
I THOUGHT I WAS RIGHT
"NOT EVERYONE AGREED WITH ME
YEAH MAXIE WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?
ME BOSS? I GOT NO BEEFS
NO SIR NOT ME
I AM NOT LIKE THESE WOMEN AROUND HERE CULLIN AND BOO'OOIN OVER YOU THROWIN' OUT SIE LU... NOT ME
THANKS
SO SHE AD NOWHERES TO GO EXCEPT TO ER SLEEZY BOYFRIEND SO WHAT? RULES IS RULES
RIGHT?
YEAH THEY ARE
SO E SLAPPED ER AROUND WHEN SHE WOULDN'T TURN TRICKS TO SUPPORT HIS ABIT BEAT ER GOOD I EAR BUT. SO WHAT?
RULES IS RULES
RIGHT?
SO E SOLD ER TO DUCHI DRAGON'S SON
WHAT!
YEAH WORD IS E'S DELIVERIN ER TONIGHT

TO BE CONTINUED...

by Eliot R. Brown

Illustrations by Moebius

RAPE

PART 1

The door clicked behind me and Frenchie was hanging from me, crying quietly. "Frenchie... I, ah, I'm sorry about Lar—" I began, but she hunkered down tighter and cried against my shirt. I was aware of her rack pressed into my ribs. Her sobs ground them into me. I held her and tried to move us to the couch — to talk. But that was all it took. A slight move and her hip was at my groin and her hands inside my coat. I hesitated. I had heard about consoling widows, but hadn't expected it to happen to me. My dick didn't hesitate. Up it came.

The suite was dark, [illegible] lights on. Still, I could see her hands pulling at my belt and trousers. Out flopped my rod. From some pin-point of light, I could see her tongue glisten as it stretched out to meet the end of my penis. Big tongue. Which was good as I had a big dick. Frenchie didn't seem to notice. Her heated lips were clamped on the middle of it and she worked her way down.

I'd finished hardening and much to my surprise, Frenchie began ramming my meat to the back of her throat. A lot of gals can't do that. Her lips and tongue were wrapping and unwrapping themselves all over my rigid penis. One hand was pulling at my ass, taking me back to the [illegible] and [illegible] again while the other was rather expertly twisting my balls.

She sank down to the floor, I followed. We were on a nice piece of carpet and not far from the door. I could see her pulling at her skirt and blouse. Her garter snaps gleamed and the light played on her full hips. She let go of me and looked up at my cock poking out between my shirt front. "God, Freddie, use that bat on me — hard!"

Her eyes glittered in the faint light. Her tongue passed over her dark lips. With a quick movement, she fell back and pulled her bra straps down to let her tits fly free. That was it — I moved.

I kicked free of my pants and knelt down. I slid my fingers under her panties, briefly feeling her soft skin and coiled hair. The panties got yanked to one side, which got a pleased grunt from her. I hung over her to plant my mouth on hers and got a mouthfull of tongue. Frenchie inventoried my molars as my iron-hard cock poked her belly. I had a shaft-full of thick fluid that made the head slide around. She grabbed it with both hands, reared her ass up and rammed the big nut right into her gash.

She groaned into my moving mouth. Her tongue thrashed past my lips and was slapping around my cheek. My lemon-sized cock head spread her wet warmth like a finger in soft butter. She was frantically thrusting just the first couple of inches into her with that two-handed grip. I could hear a sudsy swishing and feel my balls swinging against her knuckles. Her quick breathing was puffing past my face. I still had that handfull of pantie and with a big yank, tore it [illegible]

She gave a savage groan and switched her grip to my but-

She grabbed it with both hands, reared her ass up and rammed the big nut right into her gash.

YOCKS. I COULD FEEL A FOOT PLANT ITSELF NEXT TO HER HAND. THE HIGH-HEELED SHOE PROVIDED JUST ENOUGH SOLID POUNDING FOR ME TO TRY HARDER. THE ANGLES WORKED OUT SO THAT I SHOVED STRAIGHT DOWN. I WAS TOO BIG TO MAKE IT ROUND THE BEND AND FRENCHIE YELPED IN A MIX OF PAIN AND PLEASURE. THE NEXT THRUST MADE IT AND WITH A WET SMACK, OUR BARS WERE SCRAPING.

HER BREASTS WERE BOBBING UP AND DOWN AROUND THE HALF-HARNESS OF HER BRA. THEY HIT HER CHIN AND RUBBED NICELY AGAINST MY CHEST ON THE REBOUND. HER LIPS WERE DRAWN BACK AND TEETH CLENCHED. BREATH HISSED IN AND OUT OF HER. I WAS POUNDING LIKE A MACHINE AND MOST EVERY SLAM WAS MET WITH A POWERFUL RETURN THRUST FROM HER THAT FAIRLY SENT HER HONEY FLYING OUT FROM BETWEEN US.

WE WERE TRUCKING ALONG NICELY LIKE THIS WHEN HER HEAD ARCHED BACK AND SNAPPED LEFT-RIGHT. HER HARD BREATHING TURNED INTO A RASPING GRUNTING THAT ALMOST BECAME A BARKING. HER OTHER FOOT CAME UP TO JOIN THE FIRST AND MY ASS GOT SHOVED. IN WENT MY PENIS AND PROBABLY HALF MY BALLS. I'D BEEN HOLDING US UP MOSTLY BUT WITH HER FOOT OFF THE FLOOR, DOWN WE WENT. NOW THE FULL LENGTH OF MY DICK WAS IN HER AND ALL MY WEIGHT ON HER CUNT. SHE STARTED HAVING THE DEEPEST VAGINAL ORGASM I'D EVER FELT. HER HOLE WAS CLASPING AT MY MUSCLE AND I BEGAN TO FEEL A FAMILIAR BUILD-UP.

SHE SLOWED DOWN A BIT, HER BREATHING BECOMING MORE REGULAR. I STARTED TO SPEAK, BUT SHE PUT A FINGER ON MY LIPS. SHE SLOWLY PULLED MY HARD AND READY ROD OUT OF HER AND MOTIONED FOR ME TO GET ON MY KNEES. THE CARPET SQUELCHED UNDER HER ASS. THE ROOM SEEMED MUCH BRIGHTER NOW AND THERE WAS A STREAK OF LIGHT THAT FELL ACROSS HER FLOUNCING BOSOM. HER NIPPLES WERE LARGE AND VERY DARK.

WITH AN EXPERT TOUCH AND FEELING A FLASH OF SUSPICION OVER, SHE QUICKLY TOOK HOLD OF THE ROOT OF MY MEAT. SHE SQUEEZED AND MY HEAD, ALREADY DARK RED WITH PRESSURES, SWELLED EVEN LARGER. A THICK BEAD OF SAUCE RAN OUT AND DOWN TO THOSE SMOOTH WHITE TITS.

HER MOUTH YAWNED WIDE AND WITH LIGHT, SHORT MOVEMENTS, MY FAT COCK HEAD DANCED IN AND OUT. THE GENTLE FLICKS OF HER TEETH AND LIPS GOT MY THROBBING LOB WOUND UP TIGHTER AND TIGHTER. EACH TIME HER MOUTH DESCENDED, HER TONGUE HIT A NEW SPOT. THEN SHE TOOK MORE AND MORE IN UNTIL THE TOP OF MY NUT RUBBED THE TOP OF HER MOUTH.

TWO MORE OF THOSE AND BANG, OFF I WENT. HEAVY SPATTERS WENT DOWN HER THROAT AND DURING A COUPLE OF WITHDRAWALS, THICK STREAKS WENT UP HER CHEEK AND HAIR. SHE SLOWED, KEEPING PACE WITH MY DIMINISHING SHOTS. FINALLY, SHE TOOK THE WHOLE HALF-HARD COCK IN HER MOUTH AND SUCKED THE LAST DROPS FROM MY QUIVERING DICK.

WITH A LIP SMACK THAT LEFT A TRAIL OF SEMEN BETWEEN MY COCK AND HER CHIN, SHE LOOKED UP AT ME. THOSE EYES WERE LARGE AND IN THE GLOOM, THEY LOOKED LIKE BUCKETS OF BLACK PAINT. JUST RIGHT FOR ME TO STEP INTO. WHICH WAS BAD. IN FACT, THIS WHOLE SCENE WAS BAD. I JUST FUCKED MY DEAD PARTNER'S GIRL. BAD FORM FOR A PRIVATE DICK WHOSE DICK JUST GOT A LITTLE TOO PUBLIC.

Then she took more and more in until the top of my nut rubbed the top of her mouth.

"FREDDIE... DON'T BE MAD." SHE MUST'VE SEEN THE EXPRESSIONS ON MY FACE. "WHEN I KNEW LARRY WAS DEAD, I WAS SO SCARED I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO..." I KNEW WHAT SHE WAS FEELING. I'D SPENT A PLEASANT EVENING WITH A DOZEN OF NEW YORK'S FINEST IN THE BASMENT OF THE 13TH PRECINCT HOUSE. NATURALLY, THEY'D THOUGHT THAT I'D KILLED MY PARTNER. I DIDN'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, THOUGH. JUST LIKE WITH MOST SUDDENLY DEAD SPOUSES,

usually the surviving spouse did it. Besides, I knew all the guys. I'd worked with most of them when we were all rookies. They knew me and I knew them. This was a sort of a tight-lipped party. I finally convinced them that I really didn't do it.

I'd left Larry at about 2:30 AM in a booth at Child's Bar with his girl, Frenchie. According to the line of questioning, after an hour he left Frenchie and, so it seems, two hours later, he was run over by a big truck under the Brooklyn Bridge. Plenty of witnesses for everything, except the very end. He was found with his gun which he'd fired twice, but not at the truck and with no lead picked up anywhere in the area.

I'd gotten out pretty late in the day and blinking in the sunlight, I made my way over to my late partner's apartment. Sure, the cops had been all over Larry's place. But they didn't know Larry like I did.

Larry's place was in a quirky westside neighborhood on 53rd street. I let myself in with my key and had to say, maybe the cops did know Larry like I did. They'd opened up his loose floorboard and pulled away his medicine chest. That was that. I looked around. Larry hadn't left me anything that the cops didn't have.

Larry Hansen was a funny guy. Not a bad cop, when he was one, just lazy. But not lazy the time he carried a wounded partner out of the line of fire. So I owed him for that and besides, he was my partner. Not the best guy in the world maybe, but when someone runs your partner down, you should at least find out who. Of course, they might find you first and, after all, once you've warmed up with one partner, the next one is easier.

I started to go when I caught sight of something new. On top of his floor model radio, were two small, identical radios. Larry liked music and kept his on when he was home even when he slept. He liked waking up to the Milkman's Matinee. But two portable radios? Larry could be loose with money but not that crazy. I picked one up. It was heavy with its battery inside. Made by Strombecker Carlson with a wood box and a leather handle on top. Maybe he'd gotten them as gifts and maybe one of them was for me. I took it with me just in case.

I lit up.

I went over to Child's Bar. Mickey was just opening up for the afternoon drinkers. He gave me a look when I slid into my regular spot. "What is it, Mick? Don't like the law sniffin' around?" I parked my radio on the bar.

"You know most of my family's on the job, Van. I love cops." He was industriously trying to polish a glass into dust.

"You mean most of your family's on the take — yeah, I love 'em all, too. How 'bout using that glass for booze?" I lit up. He made some moves and I had a finger of Old Faithfull in front of me. I did some moves and a ten spot was shyly peeking at him from under my napkin.

"Nice radio, Van. How's the sound on them little guys?" I had to admit I hadn't turned it on yet. When I tried, it was dead. Mickey said he knew all sorts of things about electricity and batteries. I said go ahead and open her up.

The radio looked like a radio. The big battery slid out and Mickey undid the wires. He poked around a bit pronounced the patient healthy. He fooled with the battery and said, "Hey, something's not right here." He showed me some scuffs near the bottom. I said he might want to stop.

"Mick, if there's something in there that isn't battery crap it could be unhealthy." I scooped everything up. I told him to keep the change and said my goodbyes.

I went across the street to my office. I was right next door to The Astor Hotel. Times Square was pretty quiet, I nearly lost my life only three times. The gilt on the door said, "Hansen & Van Cleve Private Investigators." So much for those high ideals. We'd had our share of dumb jobs, from bonded deliveries to skip tracing and chasing down wayward husbands and wives. Nothing like what we had dreamed. Not solving the sophisticated problems of uptown swells or maybe a leggy blonde in trouble. Nope. Just working from one angry phone call from the landlord to the next.

Our girl Friday, Mary was a little snuffly

yet. She'd had a thing for Larry, but Larry couldn't see her for dust. She was okay, but she was no Frenchie. "A few people called about Larry, no relatives and no leads. Did you find out anything, Freddie?" she asked. I held up the radio.

"Did Larry ever say anything about radios?" She shook her head. I went inside and sat down. I hauled the battery out of the radio and opened my pen knife. I poked at the scuff marks and the bottom pried away easily.

Far from battery insides, out fell a metal bar, some packing around it and a small envelope. In the envelope was a key to a locker at the East Side Bus Terminal. "Jesus, Larry," I muttered, "What the hell have you gotten into?"

The bar of metal looked raw, hand made. Maybe it was just a weight to make the battery seem heavy enough. It was very dense. Could be lead. I dragged it on my blotter. No mark. "Larry..." I muttered again.

Mary stuck her head in. It was the end of the day already. I held up the bar, "Know what this stuff is?" She stepped inside, perched on the edge of the desk. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say that stuff looks like my Mom's platinum wedding ring. Heh-heh, but that's ridiculous 'cause then you'd be holding about $200,000 smackers in your hand. What is that, a new paper weight? Is it your birthday, Boss?"

"No, dollface, it's yours; here, take this home and stick it in with your nighties. Pretend it's a pair of bronzed baby shoes." She started to protest, but only a little. "If you don't hear from me for a couple of days, blow to Rio and name your first child after me." She loved it when I talked tough.

"Freddie, you always say something dumb like that." She came around the desk. "You know I'm not going too far from that knob." She was sweet like that. I'd always wondered whether I should be doing my secretary. Mary was a pretty cool number, though. She never let her business interfere with my business. Her interests lay in getting ploughed on my desk, usually from behind. Which often coincided with my interests. She noted that the door was locked. I got up and pulled down the shades.

I turned, she was right behind me and melted into my arms. Larry's death had unnerved her and a little of the Van Cleve tonic was what she needed. Not much time later, she was up on my desk on all fours choking on my cock. She was sputtering and pointing to her backside. I moved around and pulled up her skirt and slip.

Her narrow ass was sticking up at me. I felt around roughly and put a thumb in her pussy. She jumped. My cock head followed and she moaned. It was kind'a too big to get really used to. In three pushes, I felt my balls slap her cunt hairs. She was panting and humping her ass.

I grabbed her by her hip bones and began sliding her out and back. After a bit, I took that same thumb and slowly worked it in to her tiny pink asshole. Mary's panting turned into gasps and cautious phrases like, "watch out, not so fast," and "deeper!" I could feel my own cock moving around through the thin membrane that separated the two openings.

Mary gave a few serious convulsions and fell forward. I pulled out and fisted my own hardened flesh. Mary flipped over and squirmed around to take my penis in her own hands. She took the bulbous head in her small mouth and throttled my cock into squirting its load down her throat. Her bright red lips were a tight circle above her jerking fist as she gagged on the first few big shots. A thick trickle of of semen ran down her chin and arm. She caught the rest of it.

We said our goodbyes and I cautioned her about the piece of metal. She shushed me and left. It was late afternoon and I had to find Frenchie and get to the Bus Terminal.

Not much time later, she was up on my desk on all fours choking on my cock.

Frenchie was a manicurist at the Diplomat Hotel, not far from my office. I spotted the young plainclothes cop propping up a concession stand before I cleared the revolving doors. I walked up to him and he furiously flapped his newspaper. I loudly bought some cigarettes, making terrible jokes about cops to the store owner. The kid was straining to read some small type as I banged the counter for a punch line.

I hit the nail shop. The manager said Frenchie hadn't showed up the past couple days and she hadn't heard from her. As I was about to leave, one of the lookers gave me the eye and said, "Manicure, Sir?" I gave her a smile and sat down? Her

NAMETAG SAID ZOE.

TURNED OUT I'D HEARD OF ZOE. SHE WAS A PAL OF FRENCHIE'S. ZOE DID A NICE JOB OF MAULING MY FINGERS AND TOOK MY MONEY. WHEN SHE HANDED ME HER CARD, SHE MADE SURE NOT TO LET THE MANAGER SEE THE SIDE SHE HAD WRITTEN A ROOM NUMBER ON. I THANKED HER AND LEFT.

JUNIOR TRIED TO GET UP QUIETLY AS I WALKED OUT AND HE ONLY KNOCKED AN ASHTRAY OVER. I WENT UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, PUSHED OPEN A SHOP DOOR AND RAN TO THE NEXT STAIR DOWN BEFORE JUNIOR SAW ME. I COULD HEAR HIS HEAD RATTLE AS HE LOOKED AROUND FOR ME. I HOOFED IT TO THE SECOND STACK OF ELEVATORS AND TOLD THE OPERATOR TO GO TO ELEVEN. I KNOCKED AT ROOM 1121. THERE SHE WAS. AS I SLID INTO THE ROOM, I LOOKED INTO FRENCHIE'S BIG, TEAR-FILLED EYES.

FRANCHIE PULLED HER TITS INTO HER FANCY BRASSIERRE. SHE TOOK A HANKIE FROM SOMEWHERE AND DABBED AT HER INNER THIGH. SHE GAVE ME A SMILE AND WIPED SOME AFTER-DRIP FROM MY PENIS. SHE HANDLED MY HALF-HARD ROD WITH A ROUGH FAMILIARITY I LIKED.

BUT MOST GIRLS WOULD BE BUSY BUTTONING UP UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES. I HAD THE UNEASY FEELING OF SOMEONE CLOSING A DEAL. LARRY HAPPENED TO BE UNAVAILABLE BUT HERE I WAS. ME AND MY BIG DICK GETTING ME INTO TROUBLE. SHE'D FOUND SOME MORE LIQUID IN MY MEAT AND HAD TAKEN THE HEAD IN HER MOUTH TO GET IT ALL.

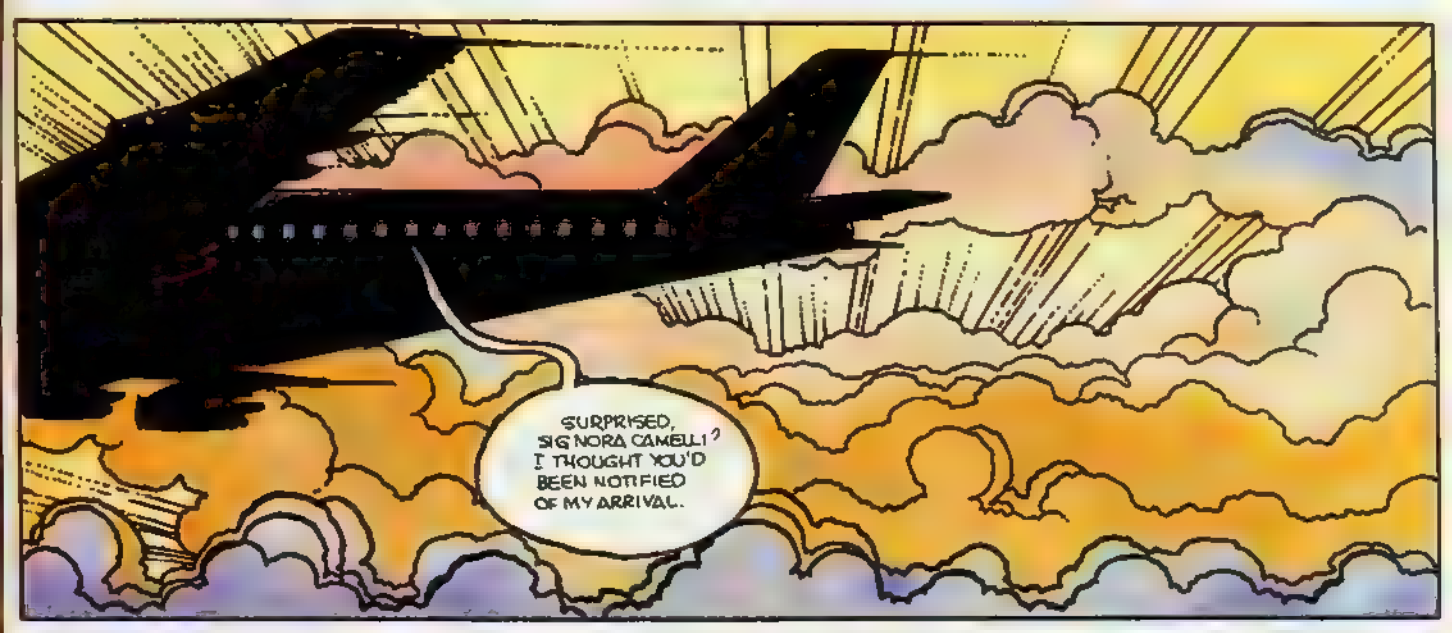
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW BUSINESS-LIKE TO BE. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. "HEY, FRENCHIE... I NEED TO KNOW A FEW THINGS, UH... " SHE FELT MY START TO HARDEN AGAIN AND BEGAN REALLY WORKING THE MEAT. "FRENCHIE, NO, BABY... I REALLY NEED TO HEAR WHATEVER YOU CAN TELL ME." SHE WAS TOO FAR GONE AND SO WAS I. AT LEAST THE NEXT COUPLE OF TIMES WE USED A RUBBER.

TO BE CONTINUED...

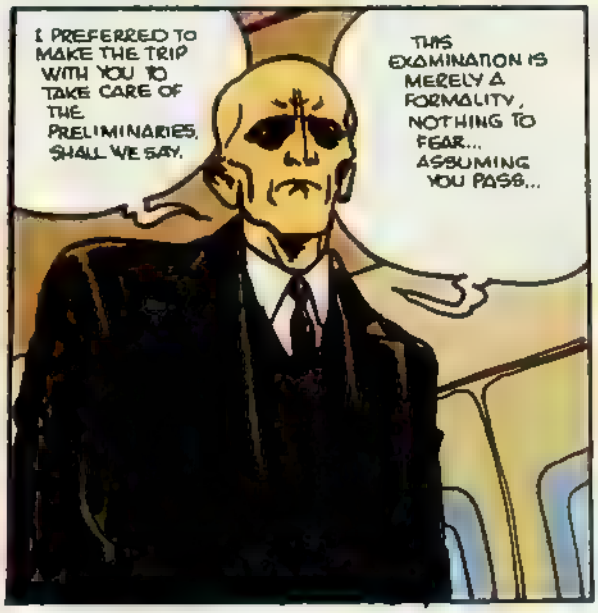
MILO MANARA'S

HIDDEN CAMERA

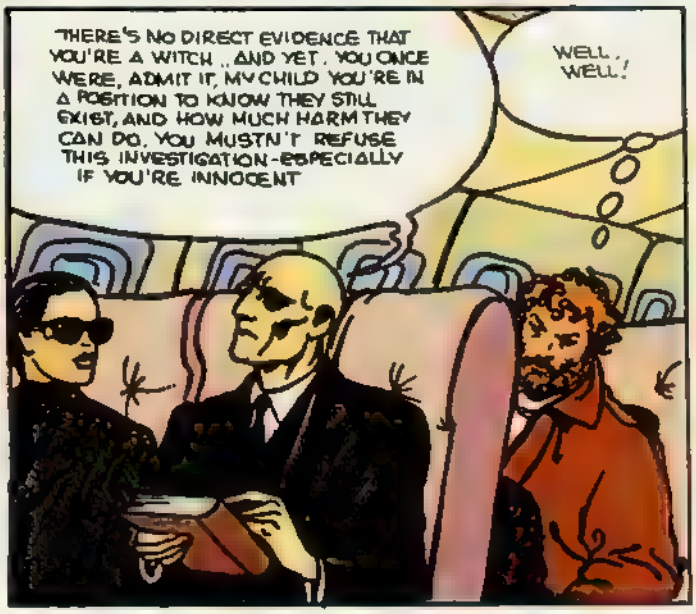
Part 6 - THE RITUAL

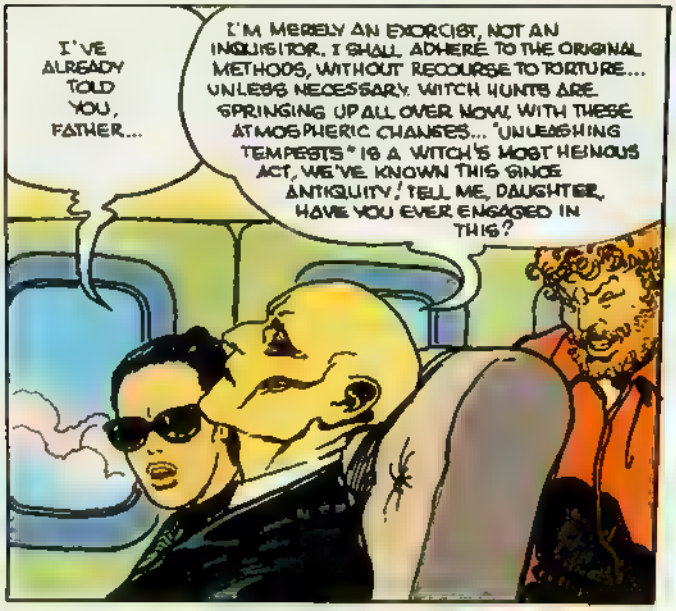

SURPRISED, SIG NORA CAMELLI? I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN NOTIFIED OF MY ARRIVAL.

YES, BUT I THOUGHT WE'D MEET IN VENICE

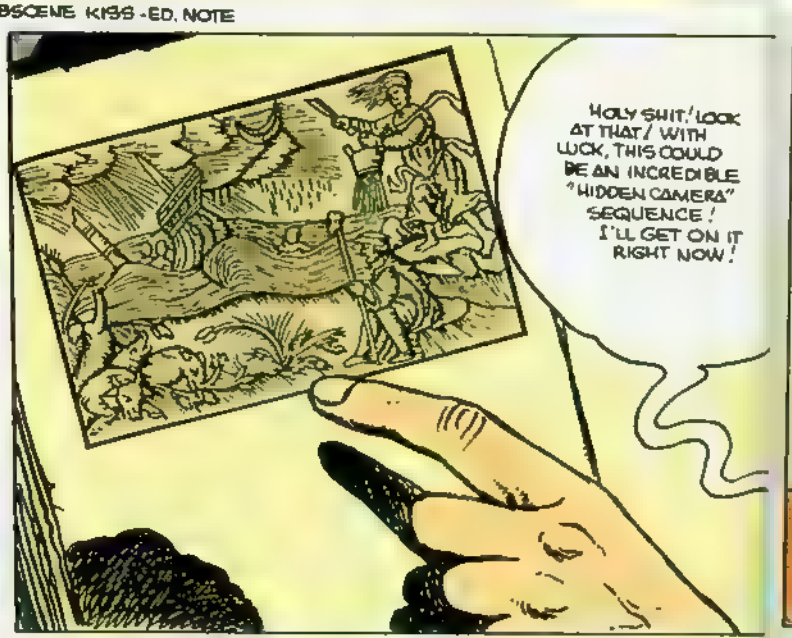

I PREFERRED TO MAKE THE TRIP WITH YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THE PRELIMINARIES, SHALL WE SAY.
THIS EXAMINATION IS MERELY A FORMALITY, NOTHING TO FEAR... ASSUMING YOU PASS...

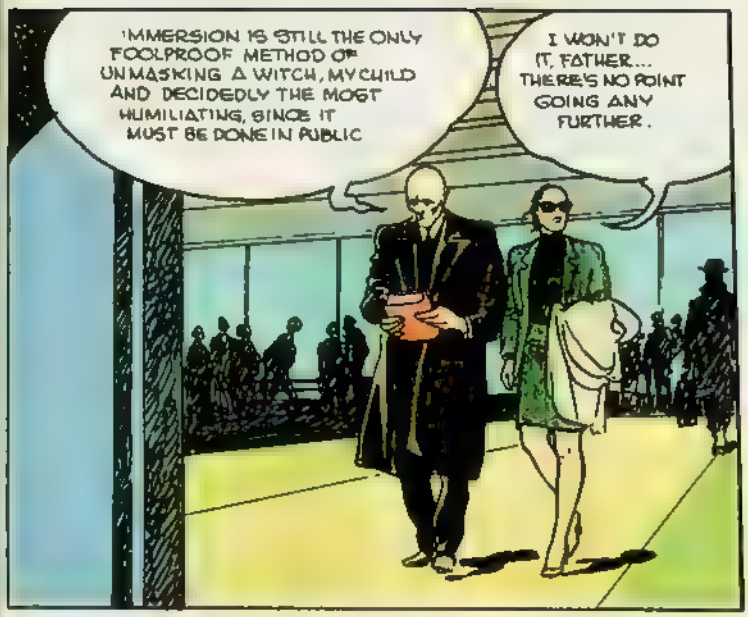
EVERYONE KNOWS I'VE SPLIT COMPLETELY FROM THAT WHOLE WORLD.
INDEED, INDEED. BUT THOSE UPSTAIRS* INSIST ON A BRIEF EXAMINATION NONETHELESS. THE DAYS OF THE INQUISITION ARE OVER, BUT YOUR PAST ERRORS WARRANT THIS, DON'T YOU AGREE?


THERE'S NO DIRECT EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE A WITCH.. AND YET. YOU ONCE WERE, ADMIT IT, MY CHILD. YOU'RE IN A POSITION TO KNOW THEY STILL EXIST, AND HOW MUCH HARM THEY CAN DO. YOU MUSTN'T REFUSE THIS INVESTIGATION-ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE INNOCENT
WELL.. WELL!



THE OBSCENE KISS -ED. NOTE

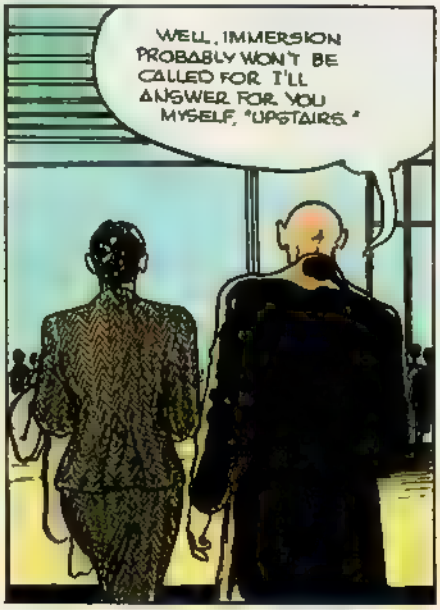


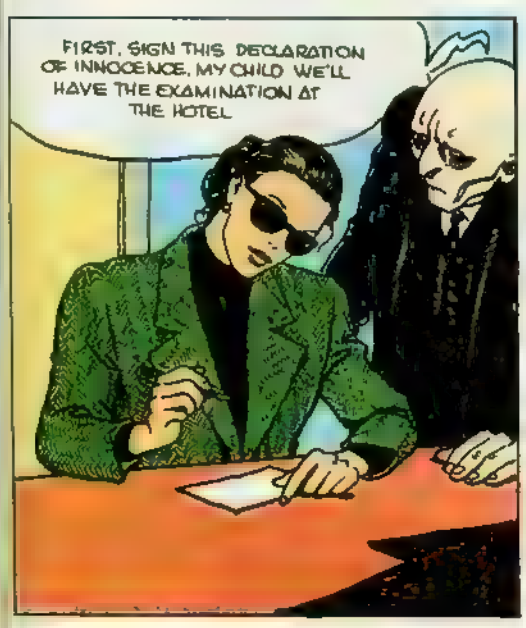

IMMERSION IS STILL THE ONLY FOOLPROOF METHOD OF UNMASKING A WITCH, MY CHILD AND DECIDEDLY THE MOST HUMILIATING, SINCE IT MUST BE DONE IN PUBLIC
I WON'T DO IT, FATHER... THERE'S NO POINT GOING ANY FURTHER.

LOOK AT THAT.. IT'S TOO HARD ON A WOMAN, ESPECIALLY IN A WINTER THIS COLD!

RIGHT, THAT'S WHAT TO DO. EXACTLY BUT GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR!

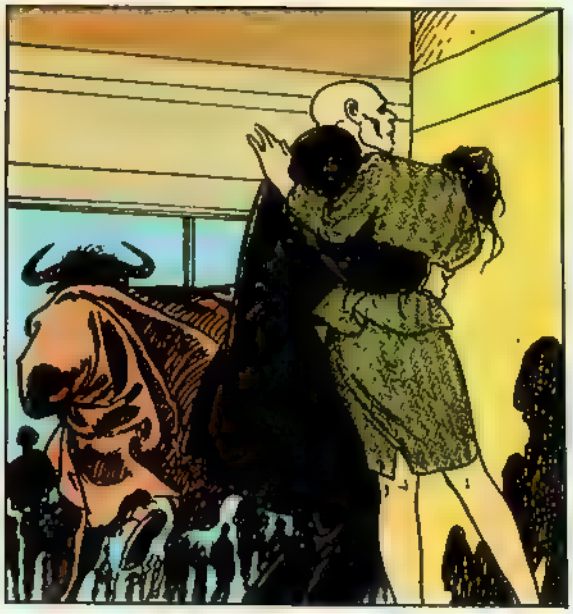
I HOPE HE UNDERSTOOD IT ALL


WELL, IMMERSION PROBABLY WON'T BE CALLED FOR. I'LL ANSWER FOR YOU MYSELF, "UPSTAIRS."

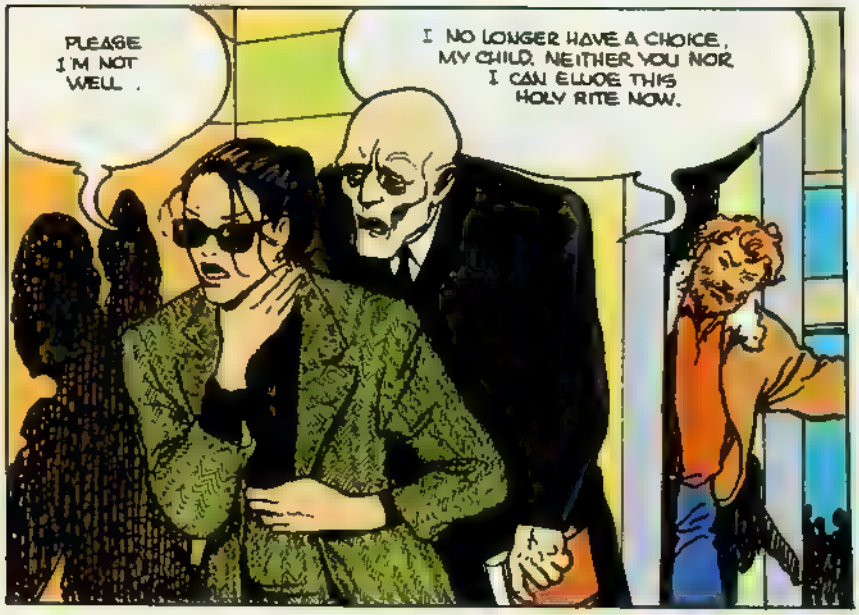

FIRST, SIGN THIS DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE, MY CHILD. WE'LL HAVE THE EXAMINATION AT THE HOTEL

DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, MARTA CAMELLI?

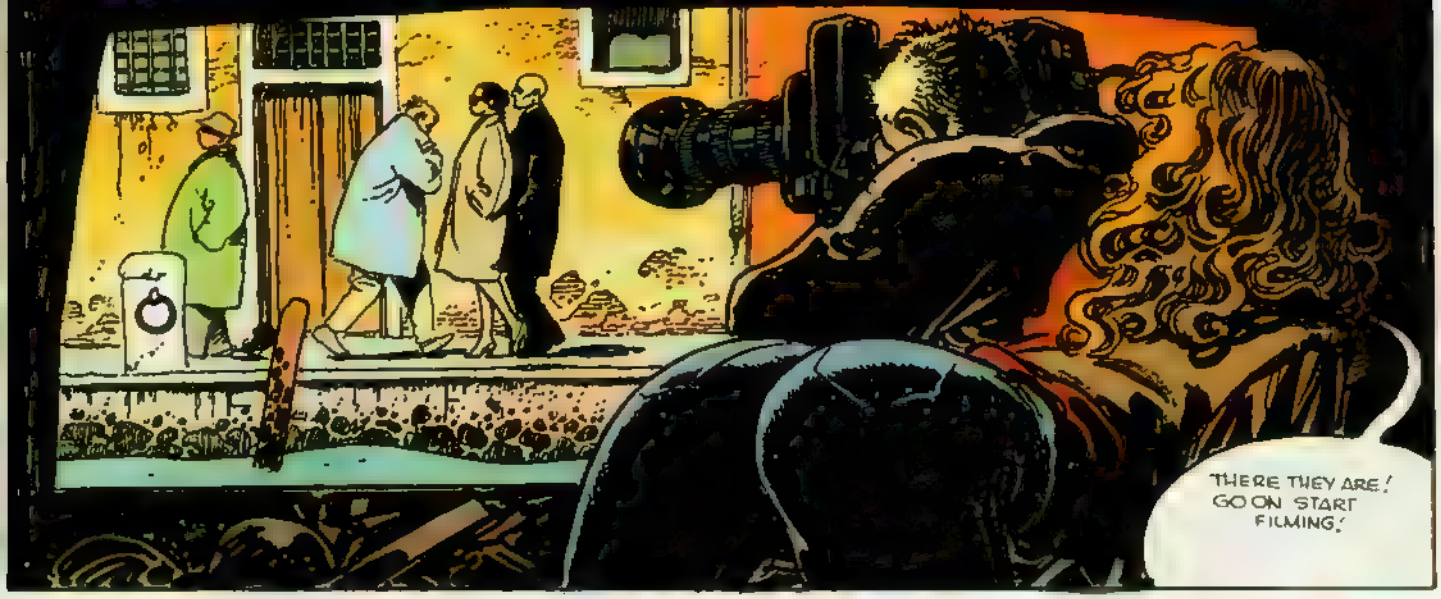
NOW, DO YOU? AFTER ALL THE TIMES YOU'VE KISSED IT AT THE SABBAT?! HA! HA! HA!



I'M AFRAID IMMERSION IS INEVITABLE NOW.
NO.. NO. HAVE MERCY!

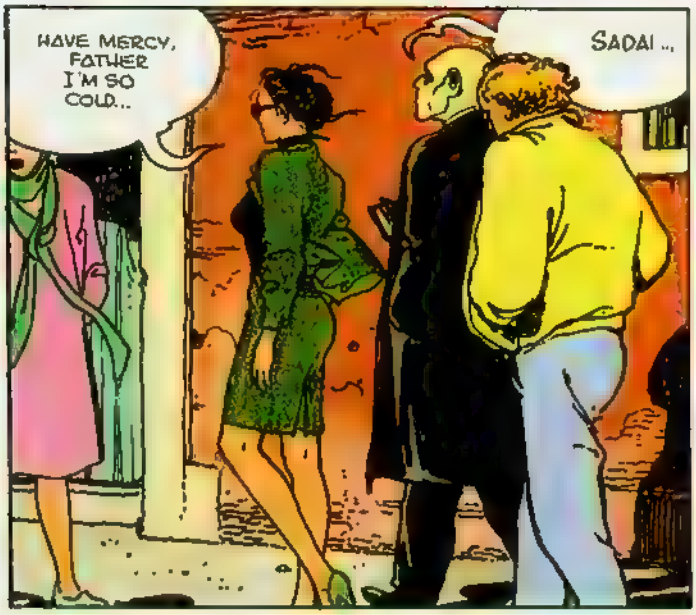

PLEASE I'M NOT WELL .
I NO LONGER HAVE A CHOICE, MY CHILD. NEITHER YOU NOR I CAN ELUDE THIS HOLY RITE NOW.

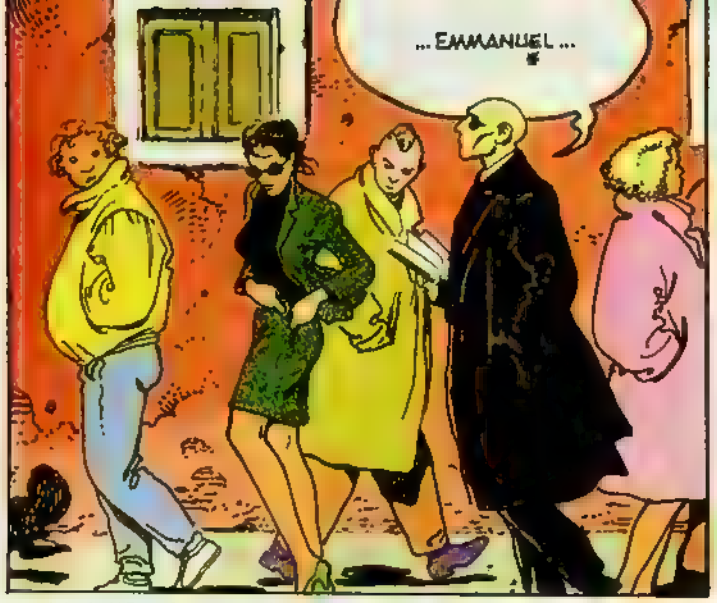
YOU READY ON THE BOAT? RIGHT. I'LL TELL YOU WHERE.


THERE THEY ARE! GO ON START FILMING!

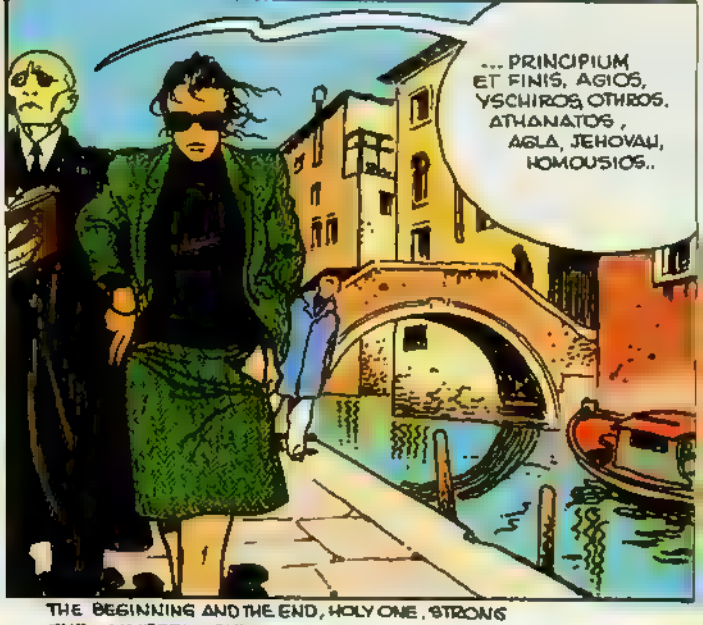
REMOVE YOUR CLOTHING, MARTA CAMELLI!

HEL ...


HAVE MERCY, FATHER I'M SO COLD...
SADAI ...



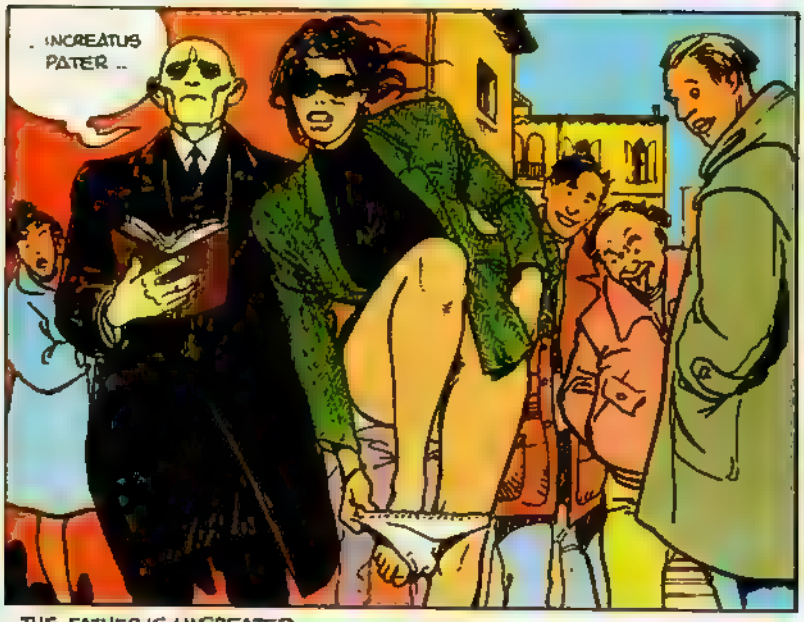
* INVOCATIONS OF GOD IN HEBREW, GREEK AND LATIN.



THE BEGINNING AND THE END, HOLY ONE, STRONG ONE, IMMORTAL ONE

MAN AND MESSIAH CHRIST CONQUERS

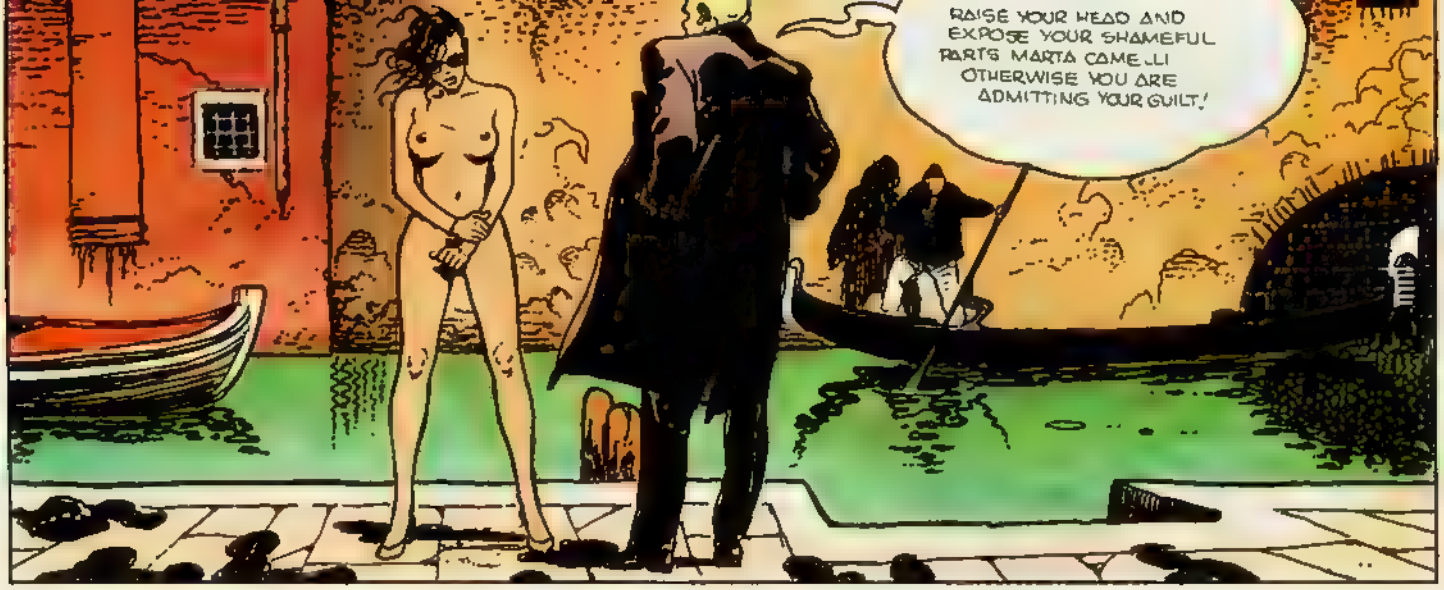
CHRIST RULES, CHRIST OVERCOMES

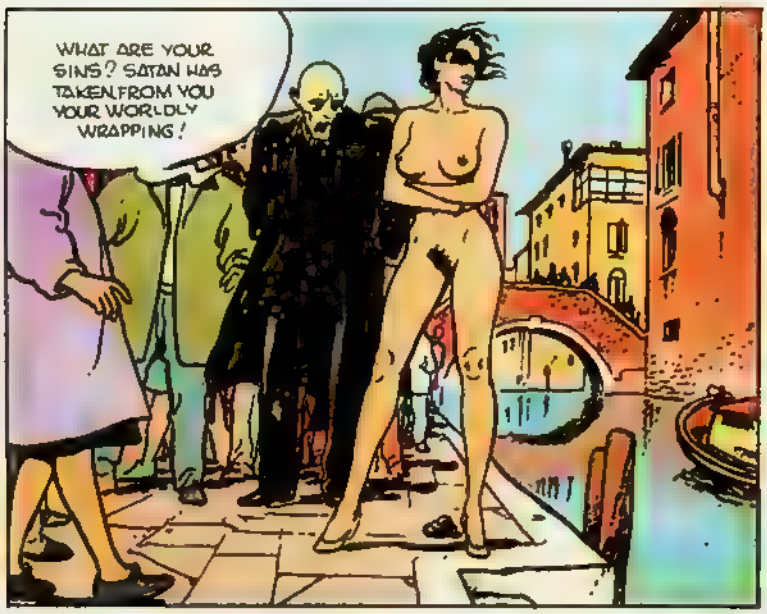


THE FATHER IS UNCREATED

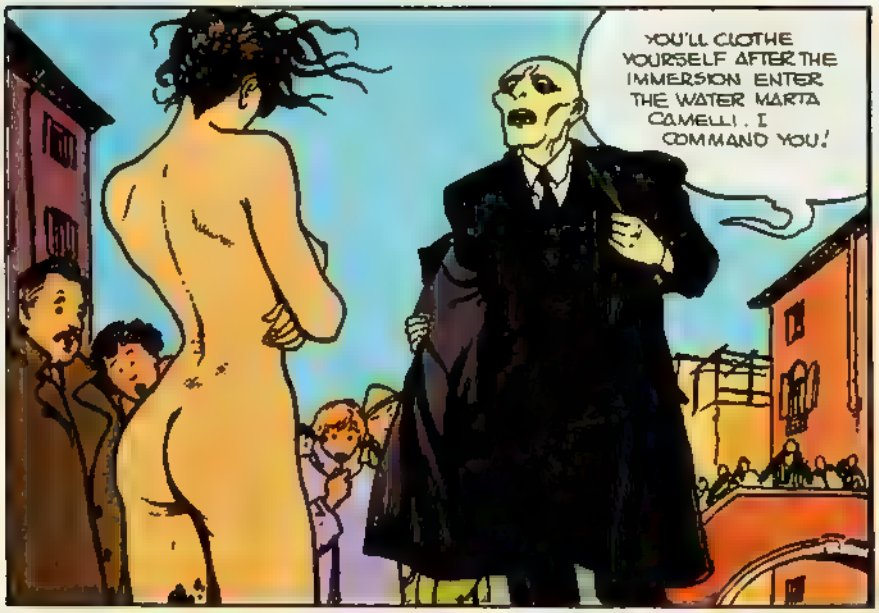
THE SON IS UNCREATED, THE HOLY SPIRIT IS UNCREATED

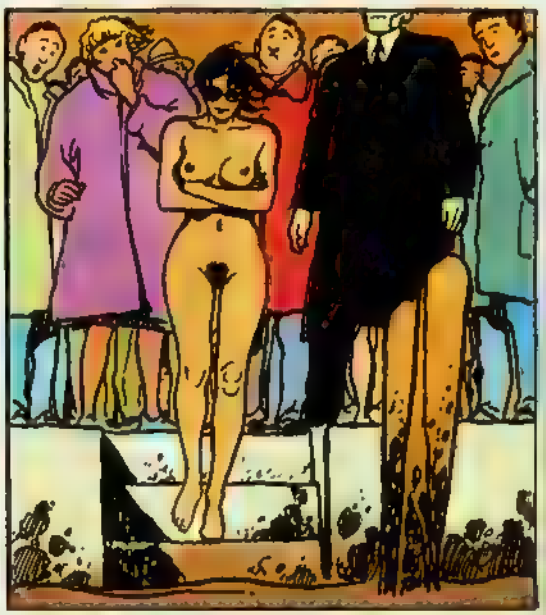
BY THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, O LORD


RAISE YOUR HEAD AND EXPOSE YOUR SHAMEFUL PARTS MARTA CAMELLI OTHERWISE YOU ARE ADMITTING YOUR GUILT!


WHAT ARE YOUR SINS? SATAN HAS TAKEN FROM YOU YOUR WORLDLY WRAPPING!

NO, IT'S THE COLD. I'VE GOT TO PUT MY CLOTHES BACK ON.

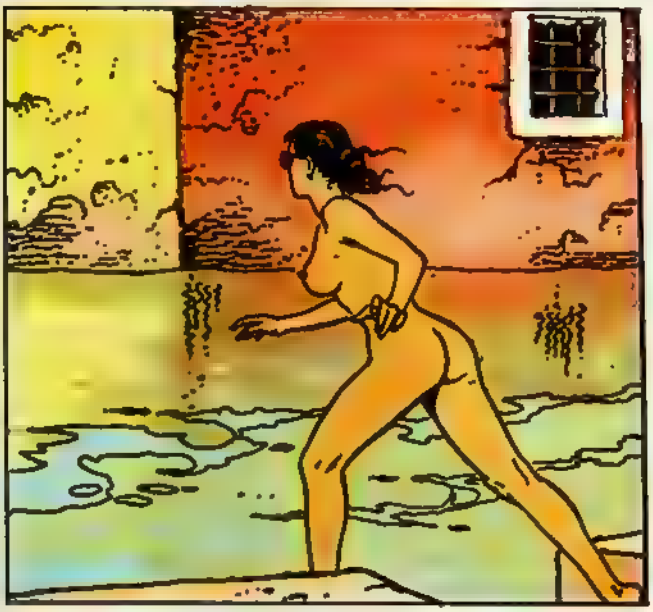

YOU'LL CLOTHE YOURSELF AFTER THE IMMERSION ENTER THE WATER MARTA CAMELLI. I COMMAND YOU!

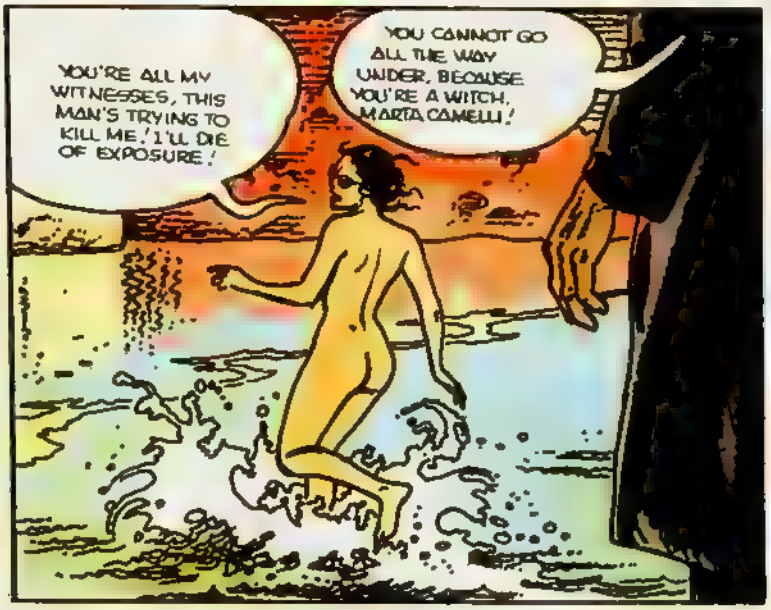


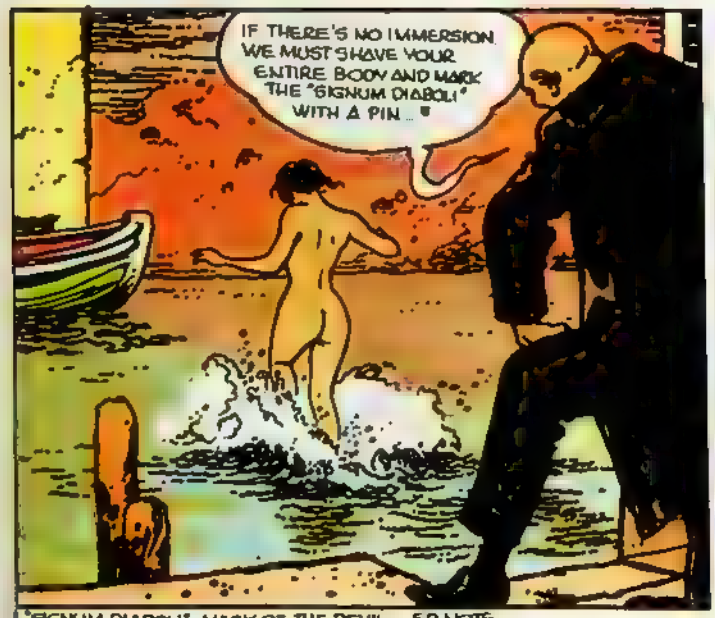
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

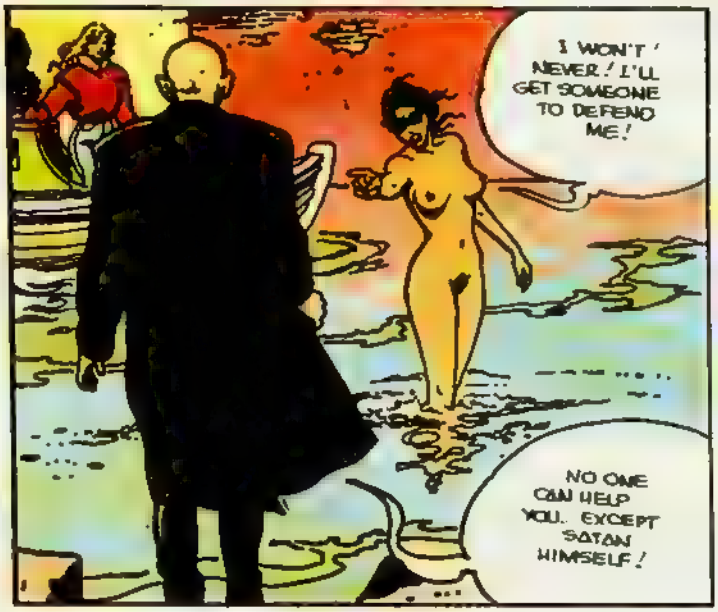
GET INTO THE WATER, MARTA CAMELLI. PROVE TO EVERYONE THAT YOU ARE NOT A WITCH. **OBEY ME!**

A WITCH? THIS GUY'S TOTALLY WHACKO!



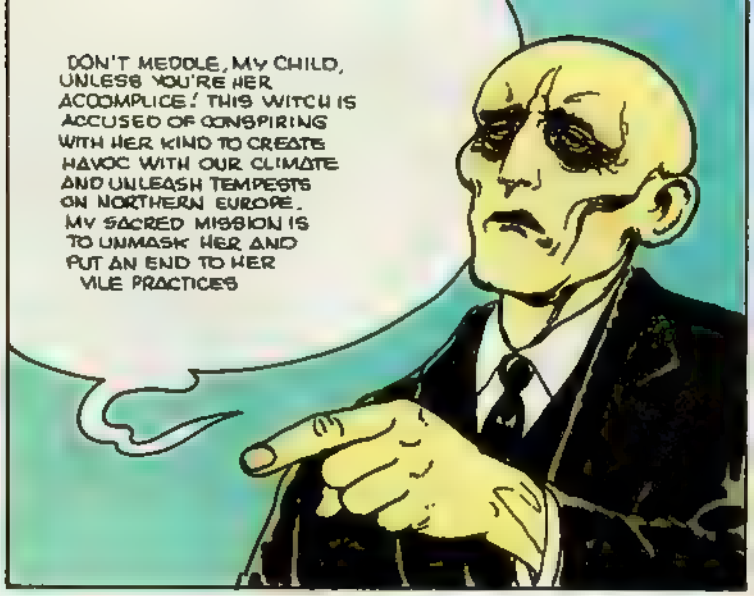


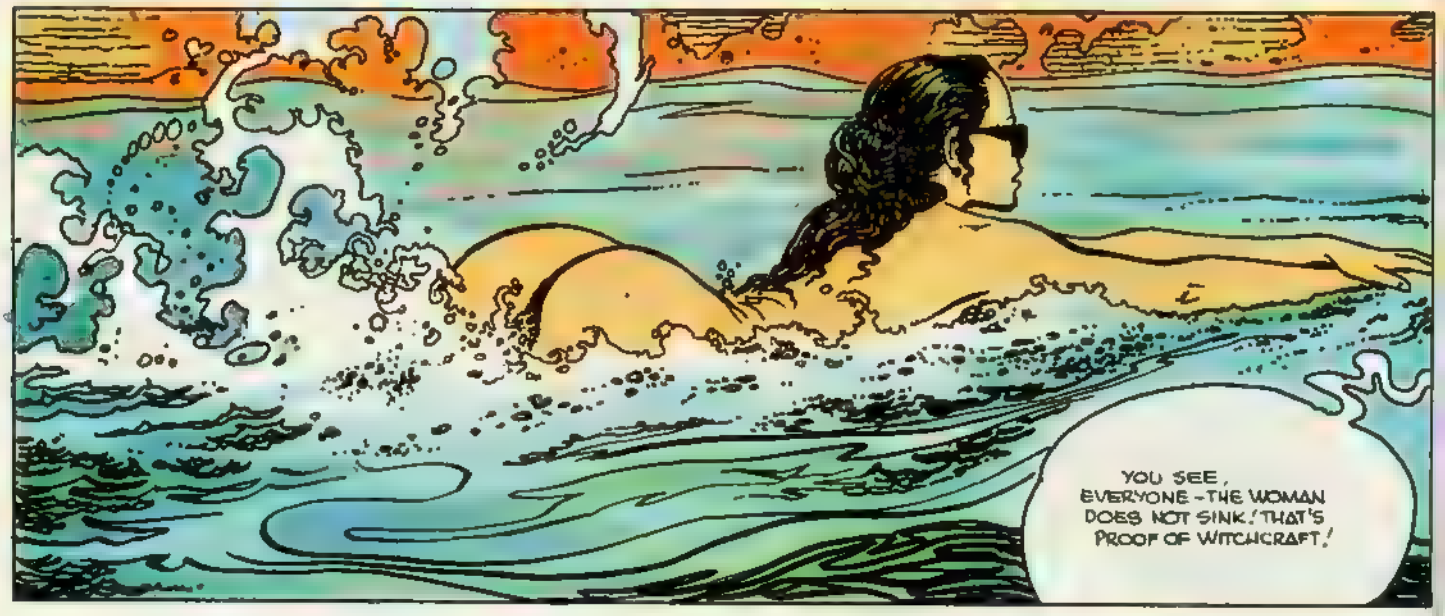


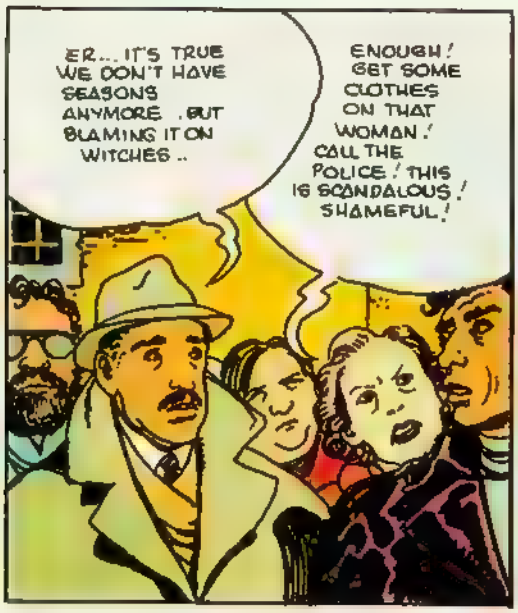


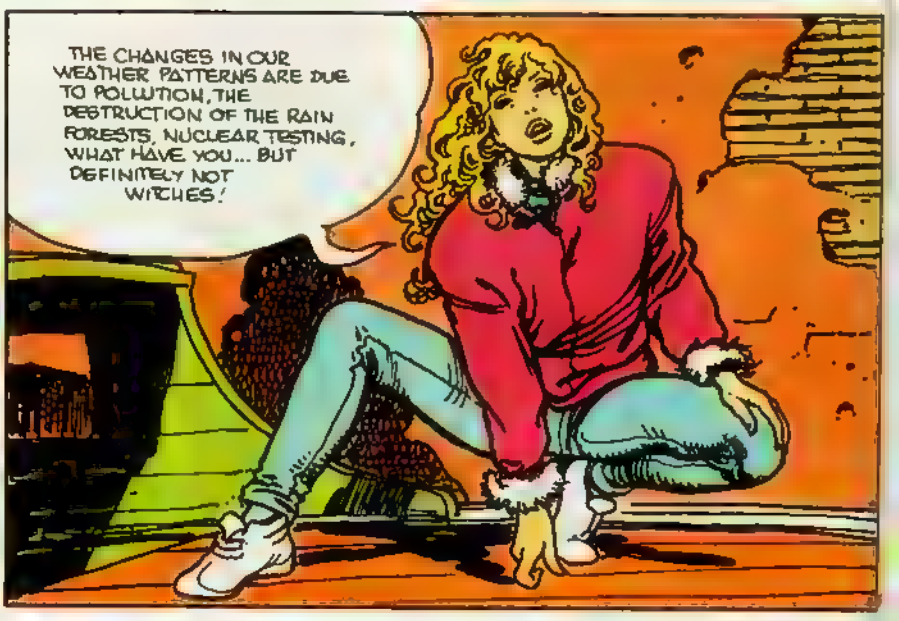
*"SIGNUM DIABOLI". MARK OF THE DEVIL. –ED NOTE

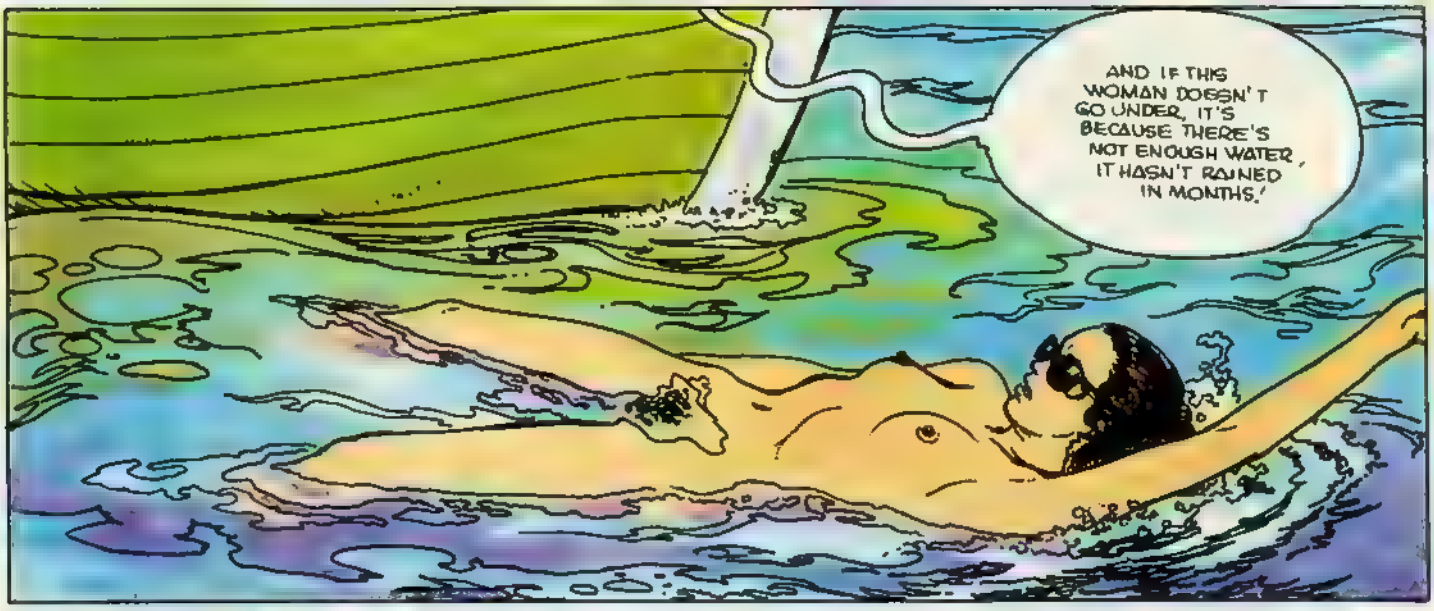
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS SOME CARNIVAL ACT OR NOT, BUT THAT WOMAN'S GOING TO GET PNEUMONIA. TO SAY NOTHING OF THE WATER POLLUTION .. HELP HER OUT AND LET HER GET DRESSED, RIGHT NOW!

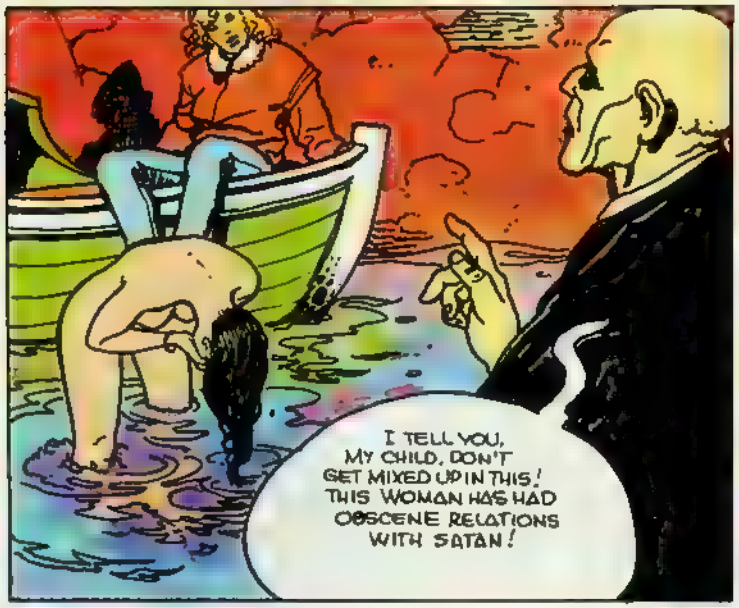

DON'T MEDDLE, MY CHILD, UNLESS YOU'RE HER ACCOMPLICE! THIS WITCH IS ACCUSED OF CONSPIRING WITH HER KIND TO CREATE HAVOC WITH OUR CLIMATE AND UNLEASH TEMPESTS ON NORTHERN EUROPE. MY SACRED MISSION IS TO UNMASK HER AND PUT AN END TO HER VILE PRACTICES

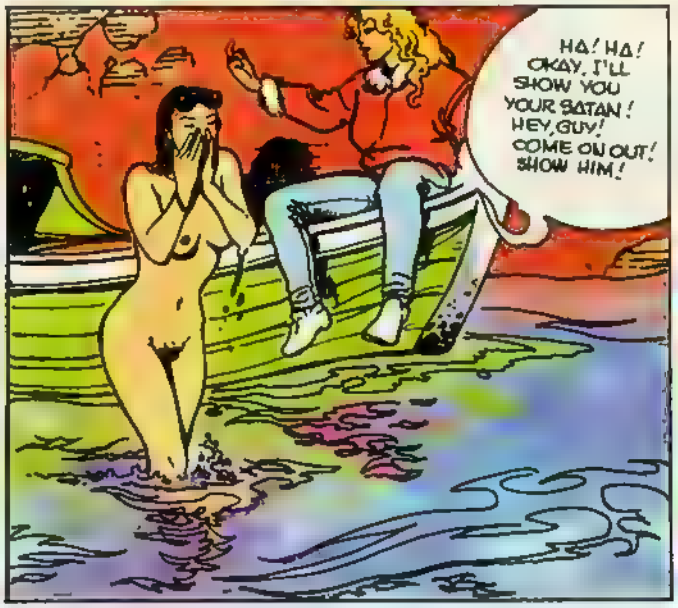

YOU SEE, EVERYONE - THE WOMAN DOES NOT SINK! THAT'S PROOF OF WITCHCRAFT!

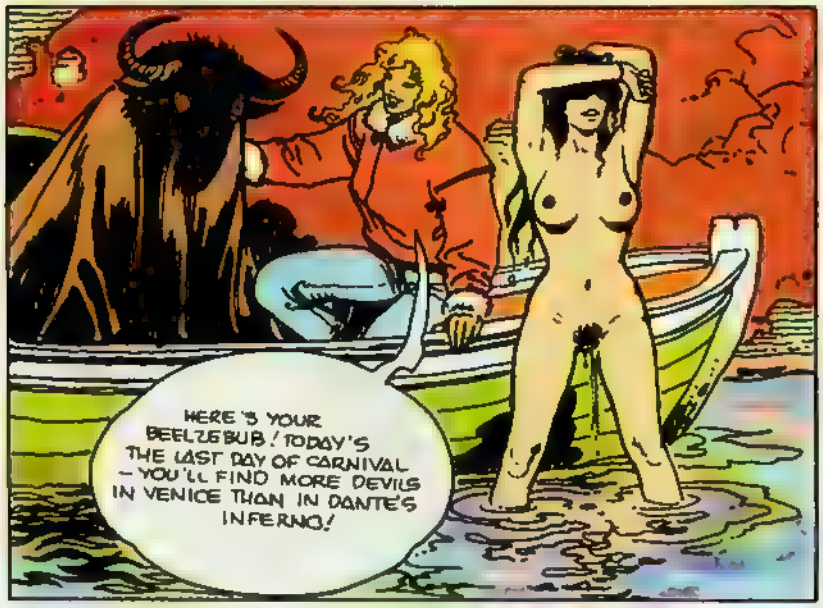

ER... IT'S TRUE WE DON'T HAVE SEASONS ANYMORE, BUT BLAMING IT ON WITCHES ..
ENOUGH! GET SOME CLOTHES ON THAT WOMAN! CALL THE POLICE! THIS IS SCANDALOUS! SHAMEFUL!


THE CHANGES IN OUR WEATHER PATTERNS ARE DUE TO POLLUTION, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RAIN FORESTS, NUCLEAR TESTING, WHAT HAVE YOU... BUT DEFINITELY NOT WITCHES!


AND IF THIS WOMAN DOESN'T GO UNDER, IT'S BECAUSE THERE'S NOT ENOUGH WATER, IT HASN'T RAINED IN MONTHS!


I TELL YOU, MY CHILD, DON'T GET MIXED UP IN THIS! THIS WOMAN HAS HAD OBSCENE RELATIONS WITH SATAN!

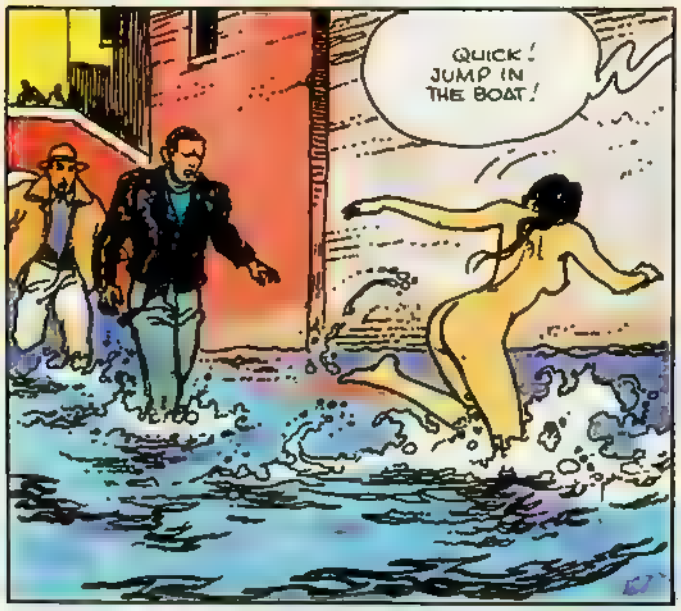

HA! HA! OKAY, I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR SATAN! HEY, GUY! COME ON OUT! SHOW HIM!

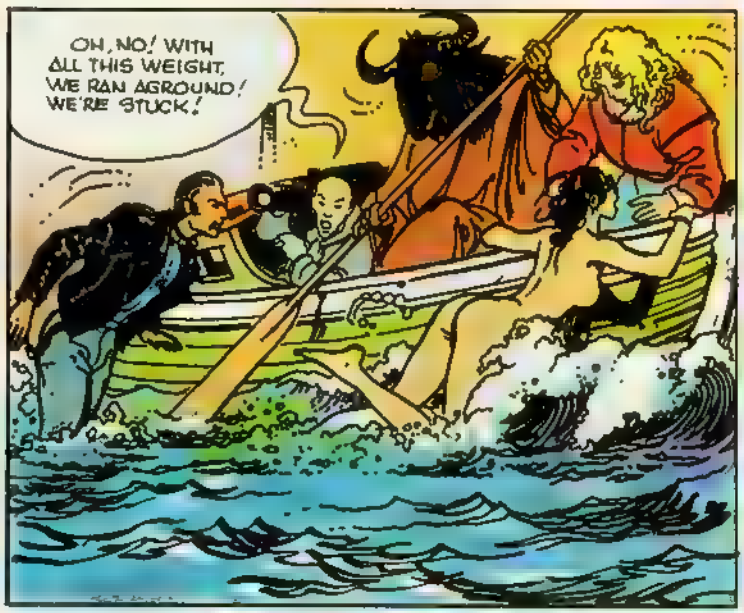

HERE'S YOUR BEELZEBUB! TODAY'S THE LAST DAY OF CARNIVAL – YOU'LL FIND MORE DEVILS IN VENICE THAN IN DANTE'S INFERNO!

YOU REALLY THINK THE DEVIL LOOKS LIKE THAT?
MAYBE YOU RECOGNIZE ME BETTER THIS WAY! YOU OLD FART! HA! HA!

AREN'T THERE ANY MEN AROUND HERE? PUT A STOP TO THESE OBSCENITIES! TEACH THESE PERVERTS A LESSON!

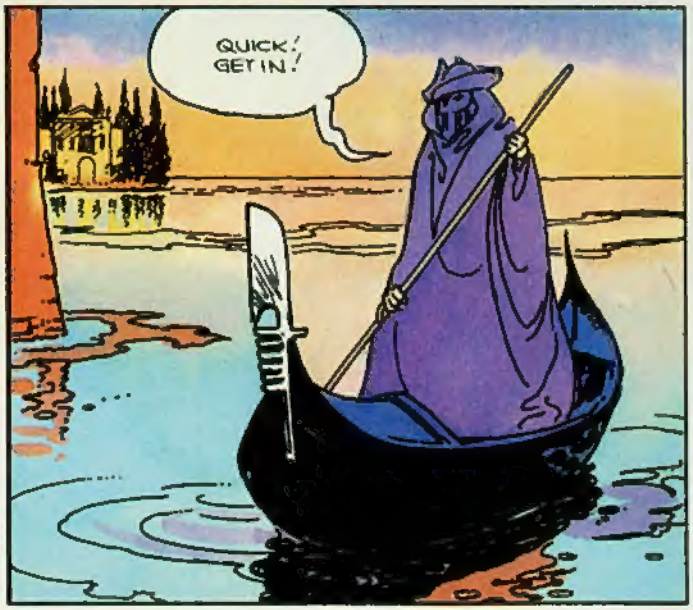
GET THEM!
COME ON!
WE'LL SHOW 'EM!

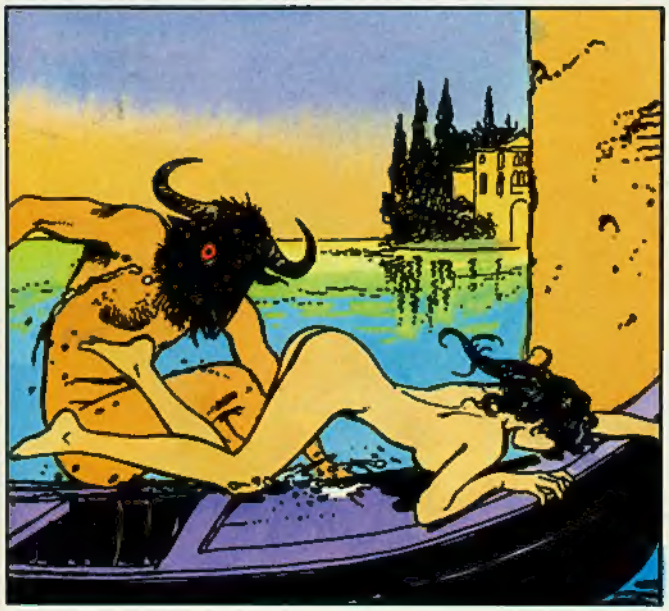

QUICK! JUMP IN THE BOAT!

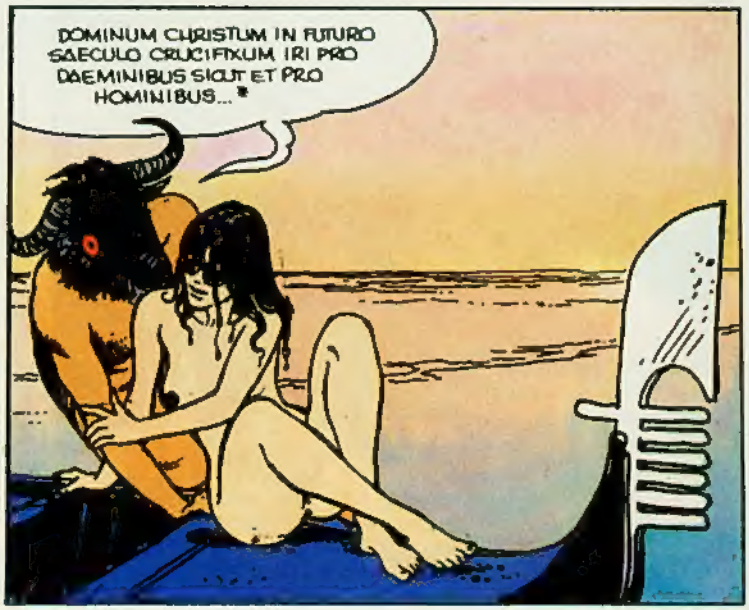

OH, NO! WITH ALL THIS WEIGHT, WE RAN AGROUND! WE'RE STUCK!

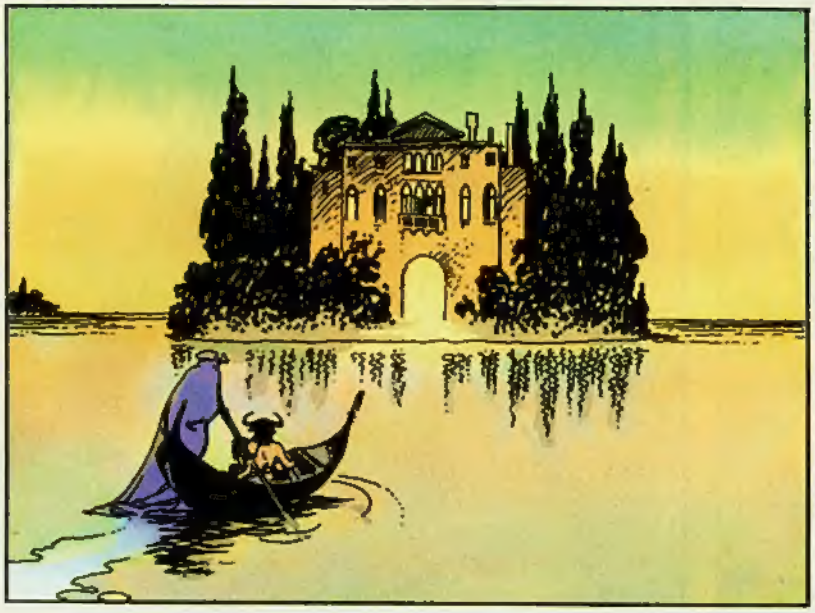
LET HER GO!

I SAID LET HER GO!

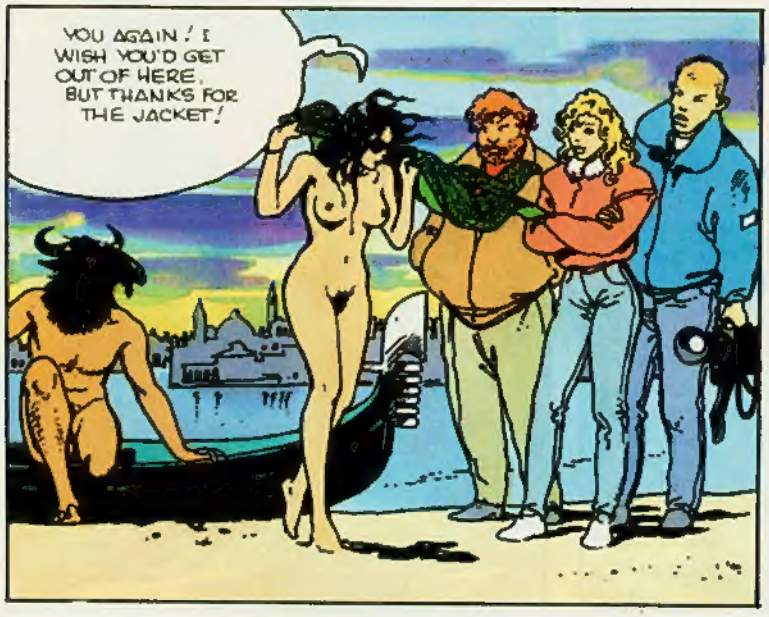

QUICK! GET IN!

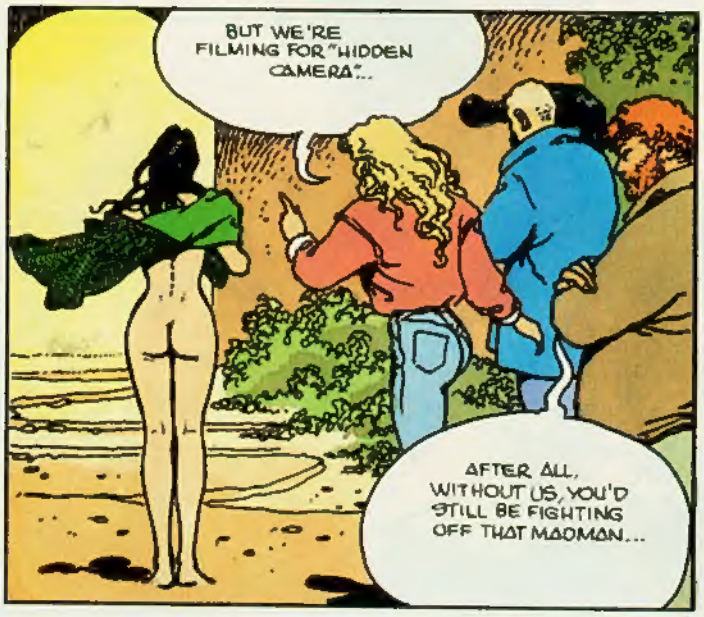


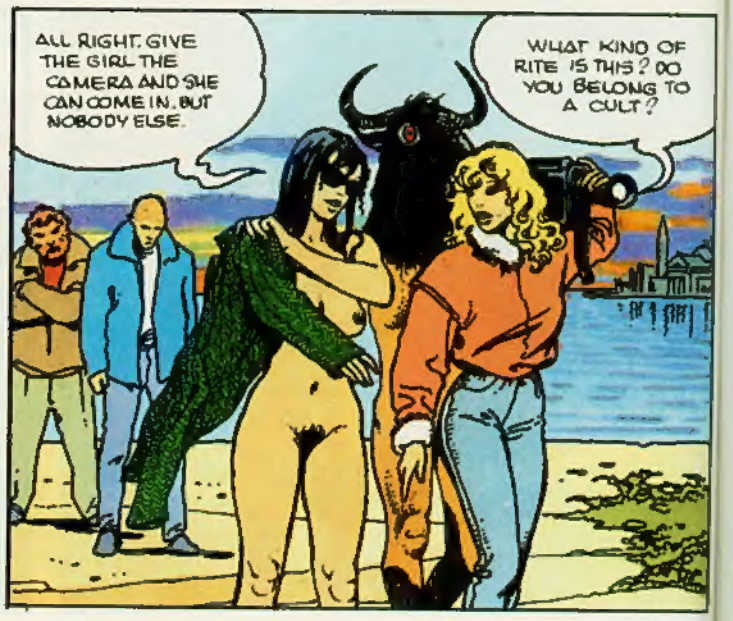

DOMINUM CHRISTUM IN FUTURO SAECULO CRUCIFIXUM IRI PRO DAEMINIBUS SICUT ET PRO HOMINIBUS...*



* WE DO NOT BEGIN IN ALL GOOD WORKS...-ED NOTE







THE EXORCIST WAS RIGHT -I AM A WITCH. BUT WITCHES AREN'T ALWAYS EVIL... WE'VE GATHERED ON THIS ISLAND TO MAKE IT RAIN. THE RAM WILL FIGHT THE ASS. EACH TRIES TO GET THE OTHER'S SPERM. THE ONE WHO MANAGES TO CONTAIN HIMSELF WILL GIVE IT TO US, AND WE'LL CHANGE IT INTO RAIN OR STORMS... DEPENDING ON WHO WINS.

I THOUGHT THE GUY WAS OUT OF IT, BUT YOU BOTH BELONG IN STRAIT JACKETS!

IF HONEY GETS GOOD SHOTS, WE CAN WATCH IT ON THE MONITOR. THAT'LL HAVE TO DO.

HIDE BACK THERE AND DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU!
IT'S ALL WOMEN!

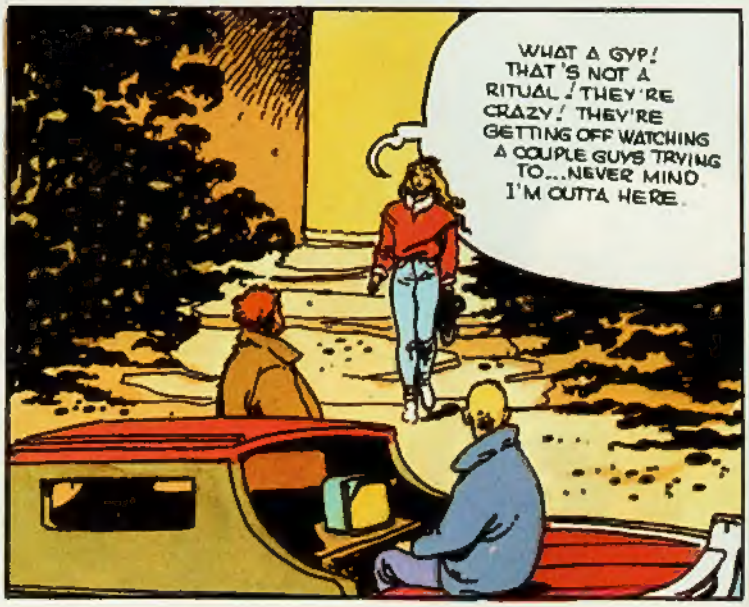
NOT EXACTLY!
OH! THAT'S THE ASS...

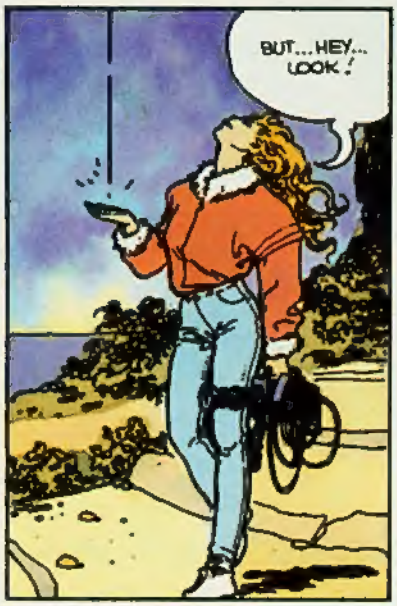
I DON'T GET THIS AT ALL... GUESS I'LL JUST WATCH...

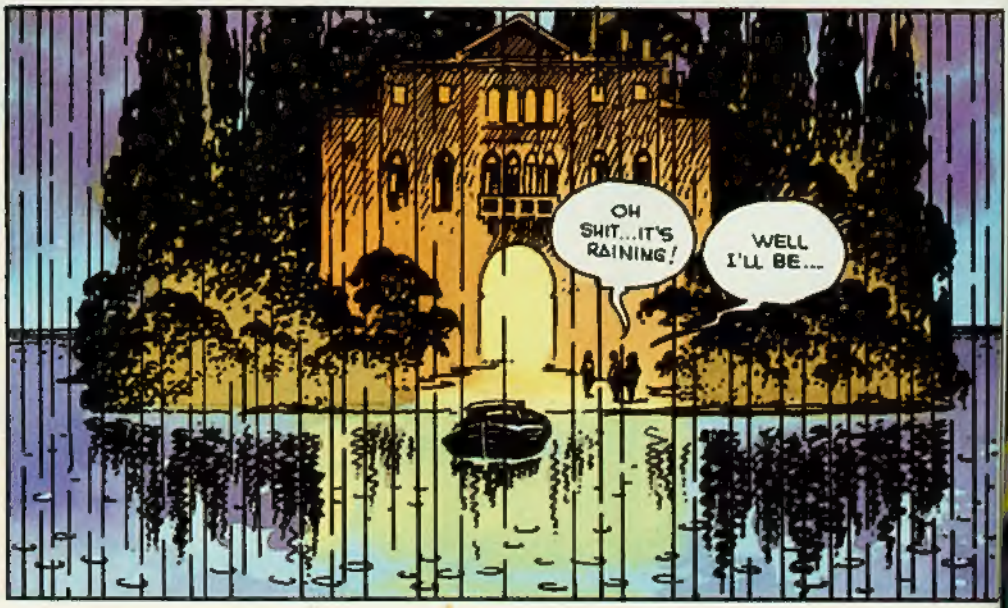
GOOD IMAGE SHE'S GETTING.
BUT WHAT'RE THEY DOING?

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FIGHTING... BUT THEN AGAIN... WEIRD!

FUCK! THE PICTURE'S OUT! YOU CAN'T SEE A THING!
NO WONDER —HONEY LEFT, HERE SHE COMES!


WHAT A GYP! THAT'S NOT A RITUAL! THEY'RE CRAZY! THEY'RE GETTING OFF WATCHING A COUPLE GUYS TRYING TO...NEVER MIND I'M OUTTA HERE.


BUT...HEY... LOOK!


OH SHIT...IT'S RAINING!
WELL I'LL BE....

THE END